

Current Comment

A Prize Dumbbell

Paul Handloss of Palo Alto became peeved when his wife and four daughters refused to accompany him to a South Sea island. To punish them he moved them into a one-room shack on the outskirts of the town and now his ball and chain is suing him for divorce. In our opinion any man who contemplates an outing in the South Seas is a prize dumbbell to even consider the company of his family on the expedition. That is, if the movies and novels of the hula isles are at all correct.

Optimist

Cliff Jones, employed by the city of Santa Cruz to whip its police department into shape, has tendered his resignation effective Dec. 1, at which time Jones says he will have completed the reorganization of the Santa Cruz law enforcement body. Judging by the performances witnessed on every hand Admission Day, Mr. Jones is not only optimistic by nature but very sure of his abilities when he assures the Santa Cruz city council that he will have everything in the police department functioning smoothly by Dec. 1.

A Sensible Attitude

Mrs. Thomas Spence of Milwaukee, president of the American War Mothers, in a recent address delivered at Louisville, Ky., opposed radical reduction in armament. Mrs. Spence said that war mothers do not favor war but that it was their belief that existing treaties were ineffective to prevent it, and while it was her opinion that American mothers would send their sons and grandsons to another war in defense of their country they would "not invite such a disaster by throwing away our arms." These words, rising above the raucous demand for disarmament, are certainly refreshing—for until the strength of Mr. Kellogg's pretty-on-paper peace pact is proved we may at any time be obliged to rely upon our military for protection.

More Room

Registration at both the high and grammar schools reveals a crowded condition. It is a generally conceded fact that the high school is in need of additional housing facilities and the near future will doubtless see something being done about it. When the grammar school was built people thought they had the situation in hand, but it now appears that before long new units will be necessary—probably to take form in a separate building for the primary grades. New school buildings should be planned to take care of the increase for the next 30 years, because every year there are more young people and more of them are desirous of completing their educations.

That's all.

Congregational Guild Will Sponsor Suppers

The Congregational Woman's Guild met Thursday for the first time this season. The meeting took place at the church with Mrs. J. H. Bennett, president, presiding. The afternoon was taken up with the business on hand and the making of plans for the work which is to be done during the year.

The members of the guild will sponsor the fellowship suppers as they did last winter. These suppers have proved very popular, many attending and staying for the program which was a feature of the evening. The first supper this year will be held Wednesday, Oct. 2.

All members of the guild were to have earned a dollar in some way during the summer, for the organization, and at the next meeting they are to bring the money and tell how and where they earned it. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Worthen Grattan on Sept. 26.

VOL. 32, NO. 3

DAN YEAGER TELLS OF TRIP EAST AND N.R.L.C. CONVENTION

The following is the first installment of the interesting account of the eastern trip of Dan Yeager, popular rural mail carrier and delegate to the National Letter Carriers' association convention at Savannah, Ga. Mr. Yeager tells the story:

We—mother, sister and myself, left San Jose Aug. 14 on the Lark, arriving in Los Angeles at 9:30 the following morning. Spent the rest of the morning and early afternoon going over the rural route at Rivera, about 12 miles east of Los Angeles, having dinner with Carrier Newman, who in turn took us to the 3 o'clock train, the "Argonaut" out of Los Angeles, bound for New Orleans.

The first night out, crossing the Salton Sea country was very hot, thermometers registering over 110 degrees. Peculiar sight to see cloud capped mountains in the distance, reflected by lightning. The next day revealed the desert covered with pools of water and the "Mirage Desert" a spectacular sight, covered to a depth of six inches with water.

We traveled in the tail of this storm Thursday and Friday, leaving it Friday night. Sunday brought us into New Orleans and we transferred to the L. & N. station by bus. The noticeable thing about New Orleans was the dirt and street car strike. The rails were torn up in spots and great piles of bricks strewn along the track in many places. No one rode the street cars.

From New Orleans we had a day trip to Montgomery, Ala. We had dinner there and again boarded the train, arriving next morning in Savannah, the convention city.

Spent the first day sightseeing, with a trip to Tybee, the famous Georgia beach. Convention opened Tuesday, Aug. 20, and I was appointed a member of the constitution and by laws committee. Tuesday afternoon was spent in a trolley ride to the Savannah Ice company's plant where a carload of millions were devoured by 1,700 delegates and their families.

Wednesday's session terminated in an argument over our national paper that took me, as delegate at large and only representative from California, into an all night committee session.

However, I was able to be in attendance at the arrival of First Assistant Postmaster Gen. Colman in Savannah, who was escorted by band and caravan of carriers from the depot to the Hotel De Soto. At 6 o'clock General Colman met all delegates at large and state presidents and a banquet followed, terminating at 12:30 p. m., after which the committee as a whole went into session. After Thursday morning's session the convention adjourned to Tybee for a fish dinner and at which we ate some of the largest shrimps we had ever seen. The afternoon was spent in swimming, the water at Tybee being of the most delightful warm temperature and which made the dip in the eastern surf a pleasure long to be remembered. Georgia carriers were in attendance by the score and the hospitality of the south was evident everywhere.

Thursday evening found all delegates back at the Hotel De Soto with all state secretaries and presidents attending a banquet in honor of Colman.

Friday the resolutions committee and constitution and by laws committee made reports and officers for the ensuing year were elected, the session closing at 2 o'clock, having been the twenty-sixth annual convention and a very constructive session.

The rest of the day was spent in visiting with carriers of every state and Saturday found us doing the town, shopping and sightseeing and preparing for afternoon departure.

Savannah, a very hospitable town, very old and historic, lies on Charleston river near the state line of South Carolina and about 15 miles or so from the mouth. It has a fine harbor and we saw many fine vessels docked at its river piers. Left Saturday, arriving in

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CAMPBELL PRESS

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Be Progressive!
Incorporate Campbell
Trade At Home
READ THE PRESS

TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1929

The Hard Season For Grandmother

By Albert T. Reid

"I GOTTA GO TO MY GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL"
"SO DO I! - LET'S GO TO GETHER."



The Community Yardstick

THE acid test of any community is—"Is it a good place in which to bring up a child?" Unless this question can be answered in the affirmative then no matter what other attributes of success it may have, the community is destined to fail to become an outstanding community.

We must remember that the babies of today are the men and women of tomorrow—those who will carry on when we will have relinquished the tasks, both great and small.

Other nations are making the question of birth and rearing children a paramount issue. If our nation is to maintain its leadership in years to come as is the case at the present time, every community in this land must rigidly apply the acid test—"Do We Give Our Babies a Fair Chance to Live?"

If our rating is above the average as shown in the Community Yardstick Page elsewhere in this issue, wherein our business men have made this information possible, well and good—let's keep it there; if it is not up to the standard, by all means we should lose no time in taking steps to put it there.

We must consistently bear in mind the three essential factors in determining what we are doing for child life in this community:

1. Do we give our babies a chance to live?
2. Do our children receive an education to fit them for life?
3. Do our incomes provide the proper standard of living?

On first reading they seem to be very simple questions. But the more carefully they are studied, the more thoroughly they are applied to our own community, the greater their importance becomes. These three simple tests bring out both the strength and the weaknesses of any community's interests in the children.

For Campbell to succeed and prosper, we should strive to become an ideal community in which to bring up children. We have made progress, we have adopted measures that have a great bearing upon improved conditions for our children. But we are still a long way from our goal. We have not yet achieved the ideal.

Let us measure our progress with the Community Yardstick and then chart our course. Let us strive to make Campbell an ideal place in which to bring up a child.

There are many parents in Campbell who only contact with their children's school is the child itself. Perhaps they never have even set foot inside of the school that trains their child.

We need an awakening of public conscience in this community toward our schools—particularly toward our high school. We need an even greater co-operation between parents in Campbell and our teachers. A greater co-operation between school and home means the training of a finer group of future citizens.

In spite of our tremendous growth in school attendance and investment, many educators tell us that the adult population of this country are not taking the active interest in educational matters that the importance of the subject deserves.

This week's community campaign deals with this important factor in community life—the school. It presents some figures that are worthy of study. Equality of opportunity is the right of every child in Campbell, and every adult, whether a parent or not, should be interested in educational matters, for the way our young people are trained determines the citizens they are to be. young people are trained determines the citizens they are to be.

FORMAL OPENING OF BOY SCOUT CAMP FIRE BLDG. FRIDAY

In the mail this week are many invitations bidding patrons of the building to attend the dedication exercises in celebration of the formal opening of the Boy Scout Camp Fire building, recently completed by local Kiwanis with the aid of generous people of the community.

An interesting program has been prepared by Kiwanians. It is as follows:

"America," sung by all; dedication prayer, Rev. J. H. Bennett; selection, high school orchestra; song, "Kiwanis Ideals," by the Kiwanis club; trumpet solo, Royal Page; presentation, Dr. W. I. Merrill; acceptance, Walter Stray; remarks by representative of the Camp Fire girls; remarks by representative of the Boy Scouts; remarks by Rev. J. H. Bennett; song, "Builders," by the Kiwanis club. Ralph H. Hyde is chairman of the program committee.

The Camp Fire girls will serve light refreshments after the exercises.

As we go to press we are advised that all those who contributed in any way toward the new building are entitled to be present at the dedication ceremonies. In case of error on the part of those mailing invitations, anyone who is passed up need not hesitate to be present.

ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF REV. GEO. B. COWLES

The Press some weeks ago carried a brief account of the death in Africa of George B. Cowles, a missionary, well-known in Campbell. The following detailed account of the passing of Mr. Cowles appeared in the Sept. 19 issue of the Congregationalist:

A cable Aug. 22 brought the news of the passing, in Durban, South Africa, Aug. 21, of Rev. George B. Cowles, since 1893 a worker in the Dark Continent under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Mr. Cowles, who had been seriously ill for nearly a year, was born in Tuckahoe, N. Y. He had had, during the past years, full supervision of church and school work in the district about Umzumbe and Natal, which necessitated many long trips on horseback into the primitive country. His final breakdown came at the end of such a trip, which had covered five days. The native people besieged the Cowles home, weeping and wailing for "Baba," their name for Mr. Cowles. Throughout his illness endless messages, quotations from the Bible and from hymns were sent to Durban, where Mr. Cowles was being cared for in the Durban hospital. Even the little children in Umzumbe were praying for "Mfundisi."

Mr. Cowles is survived by his wife, Mrs. Amy Bridgman Cowles, and four children, Ruth Cordelia, a trained nurse in Johannesburg; Helen L., a Boston Librarian; Raymond B. of New Britain, Ct., and Frederick B. Cowles. Helen and Frederick have been in Africa with their parents this year. Reverend and Mrs. Cowles have been supported in their work by the First Congregational church of New Britain, Ct., of which Mr. Cowles was a member and where he was ordained in 1904, and the Auburn-dale, Mass., Congregational church.

Rebekah Stitching Club Meets With Mrs. W. Coupland

Ada Rebekah Stitching Club was graciously entertained by Mrs. W. C. Coupland on Hamilton avenue Friday afternoon. The house was beautifully decorated with pinks and yellow gladiolus. After an hour of social chat and sewing the members were treated to a mellow feed.

Present were Mesdames Phillip Silberbauer, Mr. Johnson, Hazel McQueen, A. Bachman, E. Main, A. Hutchins, M. Dunlap, M. Wehmeyer, C. Silver, H. Johnson and Ada Coupland.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

WNU Service

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Athol Meldrum, young Scotsman who tells the story, leaves his mother and brother, Garry, to seek his fortune. At San Francisco, practically penniless, he meets a fellow adventurer whom he dubs the Prodigal. The Prodigal is anxious to join the rush of gold seekers into Alaska, and Meldrum agrees to go with him after he (the Prodigal) comes back from a visit to his wealthy father in the East. Athol, in great need is befriended by Jim Hubbard ("Salvation Jim"). When the Prodigal returns, the three men join the stampede into the Frozen North. On the boat is a young girl, Berna, traveling with her grandfather and a hard-looking couple named Winklestein who figure as her uncle and aunt. She tells Athol she is journeying into Alaska to take care of her grandfather, who is obsessed with the idea of getting rich in Klondike. Landing at Skagway, Athol's party at once takes the trail. In a snowslide on the Chilcot trail, which Berna and her companions had taken, hundreds of lives are lost. Fearing for Berna's safety, Athol hastens to the scene. He finds the old man dead. Mrs. Winklestein refuses to allow Athol to see Berna. Later at Bennett Berna asks Athol to marry her to save her from the harsh fate she foresees. Athol is unwilling to take such a decisive step and tells her she must wait. Some days later Berna tells Athol that Mrs. Winklestein plans to sell her to "Black Jack" Locasto. Athol still flinches from the idea of immediate marriage. Reaching the gold fields, they find the claims all taken.

CHAPTER VI

I WILL always remember my first day in the gold camp. All was grotesque, makeshift, haphazard. Back of the main street lay the red-light quarter, and behind it again a swamp of miasma and the breeding place of fever and mosquito.

Till midnight I wandered up and down the long street; but there was no darkness, no lull in its clamorous life.

I was looking for Berna. My heart hungered for her; my eyes ached for her; my mind was so full of her there seemed no room for another single thought. But it was like looking for a needle in a straw-stack to find her in that seething multitude. So with spirits steadily sinking zerowards I waited.

After a session of debate, we decided to reserve our rights to stake till a good chance offered. It was a bitter awakening. Like all the rest we had expected to get ground that was gold from the grass-roots down. But there was work to be had, and we would not let ourselves be disheartened.

The Jam-wagon had already deserted us. He was off up on Eldorado somewhere, shoveling dirt into a sluice-box for ten dollars a day. I made up my mind I would follow him. Jim also would go to work, while the Prodigal, we agreed, would look after our interests, and stake or buy a good claim.

The country was at the mercy of a gang of corrupt officials who were using the public offices for their own enrichment. Franchises were being given to the favorites of those in power, concessions sold, liquor permits granted, and abuses of every kind practiced on the free miner. All was venality, injustice and extortion.

"Say, boys, I guess I've done a slick piece of work," said the Prodigal with some satisfaction, as he entered our tent. "I've bought three whole outfits on the beach. Got them for 25 per cent less than the cost price in Seattle. I'll pull out 100 per cent on the deal. Now's the time to get in and buy from the gutters."

"It's too bad to take advantage of them," I suggested.

"Too bad nothing. That's business; your necessity, my opportunity. Oh, you'd never make a money-getter, my boy. This side of the millennium—and you Scotch, too."

I roamed the long street with an awful restless agony in my heart. Where was Berna, my girl, so precious now it seemed I had lost her? I visioned evils befalling her; I pierced my heart with dagger-thrusts of fear for her. Oh, if I only knew she was safe and well! If I could only find her! The land was a great symphony; she the haunting theme of it.

I bought a copy of the Nugget and went into the Sourdough restaurant to read it. As I lingered there sipping my coffee and perusing the paper indifferently, a paragraph caught my eye and made my heart glow with sudden hope.

Here was the item:

"One of the largest gambling plays that ever occurred in Dawson came off last night in the Malamute saloon. Jack Locasto of El Dorado, well known as one of Klondike's wealthiest claim-owners, Claude Terry and Charlie Haw were the chief actors in the game which cost the first-named the sum of \$10,000."

"Locasto came to Dawson from his claim yesterday. It is said that before leaving the Forks he lost a sum ranging in the neighborhood of \$5,000. Last night he began playing in the Malamute with Haw and Terry in an effort, it is supposed, to recoup his losses at the Forks. The play continued nearly all night, and at the wind-up Locasto, as stated above, was loser to the amount of \$10,000."

Jack Locasto! Why had I not thought of him before? Surely if anyone knew of the girl's whereabouts, it would be he. I determined I would ask him at once.

So I hastily finished my coffee

and inquired of the waiter where I might find the Klondike king.

"Oh, Black Jack," he said; "well, at the Green Bay Tree, on the Tivoli, or the Monte Carlo. But there's a big poker game on and he's liable to be in it."

Once more I paraded the seething street. Women were everywhere, smoking cigarettes, laughing, chaffing, strolling in and out of the wide-open saloons. A libertine spirit was in the air, a madcap freedom, an effluence of disdainful sin.

I found myself by the stockade that surrounded the police reservation. One of the constables, a tall, slim Englishman with a refined manner, proved to me a friend in need.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my query, "I think I can find your man. He's downtown somewhere with some of the big sporting guns. Come on, we'll run him to earth."

After a short walk he pushed his way through a crowded doorway and I followed. It was the ordinary type of combination gambling joint. In a corner, presiding over a stud poker game, I was surprised to see Mosher.

My companion pointed to an inner room with a closed door.

"The Klondike kings are in there, hard at it. There's Black Jack and Stillwater Willie and Claude Terry and Charlie Haw."

Eagerly I looked in. All but Locasto were medium-sized men. Stillwater Willie was in evening dress. How was a sandy-haired man with shifty, uneasy eyes; Terry of a bulldog type, stocky and powerful. But it was Locasto who gripped and riveted my attention.

He was a massive man, heavy of limb and brutal in strength. There was a great spread of his shoulders and a conscious power in his every movement. He had a square, heavy chin, a grim, sneering mouth, a falcon nose, black eyes that were as cold as the waters in a deserted shaft. His hair was raven dark, and his skin betrayed the Mexican strain in his blood. Above the others he towered, strikingly masterful, and I felt somehow the power that emanated from the man, the brute force, the remorseless purpose.

Then the waiter returned with a tray of drinks and the door was closed.

"Well, you've seen him now," said my friend. "Your only plan, if you want to speak to him, is to wait till the game breaks up. By-bye."

"Oh, the weariness of that waiting! It was in the young morn when the game broke up. The inner door opened and Black Jack appeared."

In a moment I had followed and overtaken him.

"Mr. Locasto."

He turned and gave me a stare from his brooding eyes.

"Jack Locasto's my name," he answered carelessly.

I walked alongside him.

"Well, sir," I said, "my name's Meldrum, Athol Meldrum."

"Oh, I don't care what the devil your name is," he broke in petu-

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"I say, if I should hear anything of them, I'll let you know. Your name? Athol Meldrum—all right, I'll let you know. Good-by."

He was gone and I had failed. I cursed myself for a fool. The man had baffled me. Nay, even I had hurt myself by giving him an inkling of my search. Berna seemed further away from me than ever. Home I went, discouraged and despairful.

Then I began to argue with myself. He must know where they were, and if he really had designs on the girl and was keeping her in hiding my interview with him would alarm him. He would take the first opportunity of warning the Winklesteins. When would he do it? That very night in all likelihood. So I reasoned; I resolved to watch.

I stationed myself in a saloon from where I could command a view of his hotel, and there I waited. I was beginning to think he must have evaded me, when suddenly coming forth alone from the hotel I saw my man.

He was walking swiftly and he took a path that skirted the swamp behind the town. I had no doubt of his mission. My heart began to beat with excitement. I followed breathlessly. There were few cabins hereabouts; it was a lonely place to be so near to town, very quiet and thickly screened from sight. Suddenly he seemed to disappear, and, fearing my pursuit was going to be futile, I rushed forward.

I came to a dead stop. There was no one to be seen. He had vanished completely. Blindly I blundered forward. Then I came to a place where the trail forked. Panting for breath I hesitated which way to take, and it was in that moment of hesitation that a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Where away, my young friend?" It was Locasto. His face was Mephistophelian, his voice edged with irony. I was startled I admit, but I tried to put a good face on it. "Hello," I said; "I'm just taking a stroll."

His black eyes pierced me, his black brows met savagely. The heavy jaw shot forward, and for a moment the man, menacing and terrible, seemed to tower above me.

"You lie" like explosive steam came the words, and wolf-like his lips parted, showing his powerful teeth. "You lie!" he reiterated. "You followed me. Didn't I see you from the hotel? Didn't I determine to decoy you away. You would try to cross me, would you? You would champion damns in distress? You pretty fool, you simpleton, you meddler."

Suddenly, without warning, he struck me square on the face, a blinding, staggering blow that brought me to my knees as falls a pole-axed steer. I was stunned, swayed weakly, trying vainly to get on my feet. Then he struck me again, a bitter, felling blow.

I was completely at his mercy now and he showed me none. He was like a fiend. Rage seemed to rend him. Time and again he kicked me, brutally, relentlessly, on the ribs, on the chest, on the head. Was the man going to do me to death? I shielded my head. I moaned in agony. Would he never stop? Then I became unconscious, knowing that he was still kicking me, and wondering if I would ever open my eyes again.

"Long live the cold-foot tribe! Long live the soreheads!" It was the Prodigal who spoke. "This outfit buying's got gold mining beaten to a standstill. Here I've been three weeks in the burg and got over ten thousand dollars' worth of grub cached away. Every pound of it will net me 100 per cent profit."

He was very sprightly and elate, but I was in no sort of mood to share in his buoyancy. Physically I had fully recovered from my terrible manhandling, but in spirit I still writhed at the outrage of it. And the worst was I could do nothing. The law could not help me, for there were no witnesses to the assault. I could never cope with this man in bodily strength.

Yet how bitterly I brooded over the business. At times there was even black murder in my heart. I planned schemes of revenge, grinding my teeth in impotent rage at the while; and my feelings were complicated by that awful gnawing hunger for Berna that never left me. It seemed to me as if I saw all the world through the medium of my love for her, and that all beauty, all truth, all good, was but a setting for this girl of mine.

"Come on," said Jim; "let's go for a walk in the town."

The "Modern Gomorrah" he called it, and was never tired of expatiating on its iniquity.

We met the Jam-wagon. He had munched in from the creeks that very day. Physically he looked supreme. He was berry-brown, lean, muscular and as full of suppressed energy as an unsprung bear trap. Financially he was well ballasted. Mentally and morally he was in the state of a volcano before eruption.

You could see in the quick breathing, in the restlessness of this man, a pent-up energy that clamored to exhaust itself in violence and debauch. His eyes, his blue eyes were wild and roving, his lips twitched nervously. He was an avenger; of the race of those white-bodied, ferocious sea kings that drank deep and died in the din of battle.

As we walked along, Jim did most of the talking in his favorite

was urbane, his voice suave to sweetness; but it seemed to me there was a subtle mockery in his tone.

"I had thought much over this meeting, and had dreaded it. There are things which no man can overlook, and, if it meant death to me, I must again try conclusions with the brute."

He was accompanied by a little bald-headed Jew named Spitzstein, and we were almost abreast of them when I stepped forward and arrested them. My teeth were clenched; I was all a-quiver with passion; my heart beat violently.

He was dressed in that miner's costume in which he always looked so striking. His mouth was grim as granite, and his black eyes hard and repellent as those of a toad.

"Oh, you coward!" I cried. "You vile, filthy coward!"

"Get out of my way," he snarled; "I've got to teach you a lesson."

Once more before I could guard he landed on me with that terrible right-arm swing, and down I went as if a sledge hammer had struck me. But instantly I was on my feet, a thing of blind passion, of desperate fight. I made one rush to throw myself on this human tower of brawn and muscle, when some one plucked me from behind. It was Jim.

"Easy, boy," he was saying; "you can't fight this big fellow."

Spitzstein was looking on curiously. There was a breathless moment, then, at the psychological moment, the Jam-wagon intervened.

The smoldering fire in his eye had brightened into a fierce joy; his twitching mouth was now grim and stern as a prison door. For days he had been fighting a dim intangible foe. Here at last was something human and definite. He advanced to Locasto.

"Why don't you strike some one nearer your own size?" he demanded. "You're a brute, a cowardly brute."

Black Jack's face grew dark and terrible. His eyes glinted sparks of fire.

"See here, Englishman," he said, "this isn't your scrap. What are you butting in about?"

"It isn't," said the Jam-wagon, and I could see the flame of fight brighten joyously in him. "But I'll soon make it mine!"

Quick as a flash he dealt the other a blow on the cheek, an open-handed blow that stung like a whip-lash.

"Now fight me, you coward."

There and then Locasto seemed about to spring on his challenger. With hands clenched and teeth bared, he half bent as if for a charge. Then, suddenly he straightened up.

"All right," he said softly; "Spitzstein, can we have the opera house?"

"Yes, I guess so. We can clear away the benches."

"Then tell the crowd to come along, we'll give them a free show."

I think there must have been five hundred men around that ring. A big Australian puglist was unimpaired. Some one suggested gloves, but Locasto would not hear of it.

"No," he said, "I want to mark the son of a dog so his mother will never know him again."

He had become frankly brutal, and prepared for the fray exultantly. Both men fought in their underclothing.

Stripped down, the Jam-wagon was seen to be much the smaller man, not only in height, but in breadth and weight. Yet he was a beautiful figure of a fighter, clean, well-poised, free-limbed, with a body that seemed to taper from the shoulders down.

Locasto looked almost too massive. His muscles bulged out. The veins in his forearms were cord-like. His great chest seemed as broad as a door. His legs were statuesque in their size and strength. In that camp of strong men probably he was the most powerful.

And nowhere in the world could a fight have been awaited with greater zest. These men, miners, gamblers, adventurers of all kinds, pushed and struggled for a place. A great joy surged through them at the thought of the approaching combat. Keen-eyed, hard-breathing, a thrill with expectation, the crowd packed closer and closer.

As the two men stood up it was like the little Greek athlete compared with the bravely Roman gladiator. "Three to one on Locasto," some one shouted.

Then a great hush came over the house, so that it might have been empty and deserted. Time was called. The fight began.

With one tiger rush Locasto threw himself on his man. Right and left he struck with mighty swings that would have felled an ox, but the Jam-wagon was too quick for him. Twice he ducked in time to avoid a furious blow, and, before Locasto could recover, he had hopped out of reach. The big man's fists swished through the empty air. He almost overbalanced with the force of his effort, but he swung round quickly, and there was the Jam-wagon, cool and watchful, awaiting his next attack.

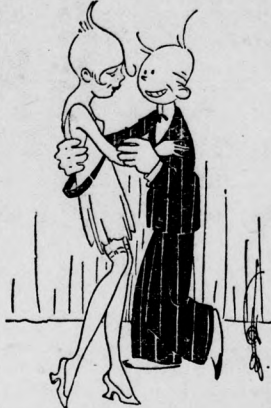
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Just Sol

The weaker sex is often the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.—Exchange.

Files—Oh, shucks, what's the use in biting a horse that can't kick or swish his tail!

EXPERIENCE NEEDED



She—You say, Tom, who has just returned from Africa, is going to open a beauty parlor? Why?

He—Well, the tales he tells of his experiences make their hair curl naturally.

CAUSE OF LONGEVITY



She—You say your dad is over a hundred years old? To what does he attribute his longevity?

He—He was always a good dodger.

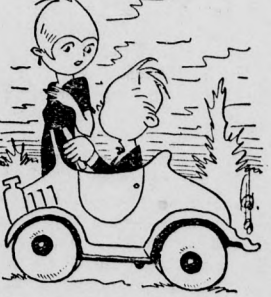
WIFE DIDN'T CHOOSE



She—I heard Bill was running around with a blonde baby.

He—He's through. His wife didn't choose to let him run.

NO NEED FOR SPARES



He—Have a ride, cutie?

She—I should say not! Why, you haven't a "spare" with you in case of trouble.

He—No, I never cared for chaparrons along.

GETTING THIN

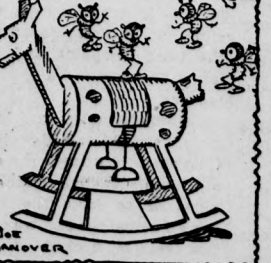


He—My sister has been using a roller to help her reduce.

She—Well?

He—The roller is getting thinner.

NO FUN AT ALL



Files—Oh, shucks, what's the use in biting a horse that can't kick or swish his tail!



A DOZEN different things may cause a headache, but there's just one thing you need ever do to get relief. Bayer Aspirin is an absolute antidote for such pain. Keep it at the office. Have it handy in the home. Those subject to frequent or sudden headaches should carry Bayer Aspirin in the pocket-tin. Until you have used it for headaches, colds, neuralgia, etc., you've no idea how Bayer Aspirin can help. It means quick, complete relief to millions of men and women who use it every year. And it does not depress the heart.



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All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes dandruff, stops hair falling, restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair. 60c and \$1.00 at drug stores. Hiseox Chem. Works, Patience, N. Y.



BOILS
HEALED OVERNIGHT
Specialist's salve, Carboll, stops pain instantly. Heals worst boil overnight. Get Carboll from drug store, and rub on bump quick. Carboll, Carboll Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Best Sellers

Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale looked up from his literary review with a laugh of disgust.

"It says here," he said, "that an eight-year-old girl has written a best seller."

Doctor Phelps laughed more disgustedly still.

"Most best sellers," he said, "read as if they were written by two-year-olds."

Steam Stored in Off Hours

Germany is storing the steam power generated during leisure hours at the state electrical works at Charlottenburg, and using it as needed. Sixteen huge steel condensers have been constructed for storing the steam, which is available under high pressure at any time desired.

And That's That

Need of the times: More firesides and fewer roadsides.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Makes Life Sweeter



Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia will alkalize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Boleros Give a Spanish Accent to Both Evening and Day Modes

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



THE exposition in Barcelona must have been visited by most of the world's great designers, for Spanish influence is everywhere present in the mode. Boleros and sweeping Spanish-like skirts are some of the results of this new movement. Sometimes the bolero is merely suggested, sometimes it appears on one side of the frock only, then again, as in the rayon faille dinner gown in the illustration above, it is a real bolero, having the advantage of being removable when, after dinner, the smart young woman wishes to be more decolette for dancing.

Nor is the bolero confined to the evening mode. Indeed, no! It especially flourishes in youthful daytime frocks. Picture, if you would, vision advance modes, a smartly flaring skirt of dark red rayon crepe, a trim little long-sleeved bolero topping a tuck-in blouse of

yellowish batiste, the hip-line graced with a black treader sash, of course deeply fringed with black. But enough of other Spanish numbers on the style program. Sufficient unto the movement is the captivating costume in the picture where even the necklace and earrings milady wears carry a suggestion of old Spain. Their metals and crystals revive the glamorous colors of that land of romance. Indeed, the fair for things a la Espagnole in our modern mode may be said to begin with colors. Perhaps that is why the costume in the picture is carried out in gay yellow, even to the matching yellow taffeta slippers which add a perfect finesse to this evening ensemble.

Even our hats have gone Spanish, the sailor with its pompons being conspicuously featured. And black lace! Well about the smartest thing in promise is the long-sleeved dinner gown all of black lace. A ravishing new frock recently shown was fashioned of all-over black rayon lace, the skirt beruffled true to Spanish tradition, yet withal given a modernized interpretation which at once insured its appeal to the style-wise woman of today.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Mark Twain's View

"When I recollect the treasure of friendship that has been bestowed upon me, I withdraw all charges against life," said Mark Twain, according to the American Magazine.

Mountain Lions

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"Now we both know who we are, and we both know who each other is," said Mr. Mountain Lion. "We know that we are called the Mountain Lion family or the puma family, and that both names are correct."

"We know so many things," said Mrs. Mountain Lion.

"That's so," agreed her mate. "I am not just sure what all the things are that we do know," said Mrs. Mountain Lion.

"Neither am I," said her mate, "but I don't suppose it makes much difference."

"It might, of course, if anyone came up to me and said:

"What are all the things you know?"

"Do you suppose," said Mr. Mountain Lion, "that anyone would be so rude as to come up to two perfectly nice animals and ask them such a question?"

"They might," said Mrs. Mountain Lion, "that anyone would be so rude as to come up to two perfectly nice animals and ask them such a question?"

"Horrors," said Mrs. Mountain Lion.

"Horrors, indeed," said Mrs. Mountain Lion, "but they might."

"I don't think it would be fair," said Mr. Mountain Lion. "It would not be nice for us to go up to any one and say:

"How much do you know, or what do you know?" It would be very rude, and also unkind.

He Followed the Blue Hat

The Weekly Short Story—By JANE OSBORN

TO BEGIN with, Gregory Ives merely knew her as the girl with the blue hat. She commuted in a blue hat for months.

Gregory Ives read what he found worth while of the evening papers and got through a good many magazines besides, because from the time he left his office until he reached his house an hour and a quarter later he read whenever it was possible.

He reached the station a few minutes before train time and used the few minutes reading. Occasionally he would give a quiet glance to see whether the blue hat was in sight. If he saw it moving toward the train-shed, then he knew that it was train time.

One evening when Gregory Ives was especially interested in an article in a scientific magazine, he followed the blue hat without really thinking that it boarded the train on the right of the runway, whereas his train always made up on the left; and it was not until the train had drawn out of the great shed and was already going at a pretty good rate of speed that he noticed that except for the young woman in the seat opposite who wore the blue hat there were no familiar faces in the car.

Moreover, the conductor as he approached was none of those who usually punched his ticket.

"Guess I'm on the wrong train," said Gregory. "This doesn't stop at Arden, does it?"

"This is a through express," said the conductor.

"Don't you stop at Arden even if there are passengers to get off there?" came a sharp query from across the aisle—the girl with the blue hat.

"No, we don't," said the conductor.

"You used to stop there. You'll just have to get the engineer to stop tonight. I've got to get off there."

"Sorry, miss," said the conductor. "They may have stopped there on request once, but not for a year or two. And of course we can't make special stops."

"I think that's perfectly outrageous," said the girl, as she fumbled in her purse to get the necessary carfare demanded by the conductor.

"You thought we stopped at Arden, didn't you?" said the girl. "Well, I think if two persons could be mistaken like this, then the railroad company must be to blame."

"I got on because you did," said Gregory quite calmly.

"You followed me!" said the girl with low-voiced rage.

"I always do. It's convenient—not you, but your hat. Then I can go on reading or thinking."

"I should think you were excessively rude, if not a little crazy, to talk the way you have been talking," said the girl. "If it were not that I know who you are. You're Mr. Gregory Ives and I met you at the Country club dance with my brother. He introduced you, but you have quite forgotten."

"Not at all," assured Gregory, leaning across the aisle. "Now that I see you I remember. You're Miss Ferguson, Max Ferguson's sister—Marcia, I believe. I merely knew

your hat. Charming hat. You always wear something nice.

"Now I've told you why I got on this train. You haven't told me why you led me astray. I'm really rather curious."

"I was hungry," said Marcia simply. "It's corned beef and cabbage night at home, and I had a very skimpy lunch. And—as I was coming along and looked into the dining car of this train I just was so hungry that I decided to hop on and have dinner on the diner and then get off at Arden."

"Well, are you hungry now?" If you are, let's dine," said Gregory.

"You mean together?"

"I'm asking you to be my guest. Will your people be worried?"

"Haven't any 'people,'" said Marcia. "Brother and I live at the boarding house and he's away. They won't worry—they may talk, at the boarding house."

At one o'clock the next morning

Marcia Ferguson rang the night bell of the boarding house where she and her brother boarded. She was let in by the owner of the establishment, to whom she offered explanations.

Forthwith, Mrs. Prunes began to speculate and her speculation took an interesting turn when she learned from one of her boarders that she had seen a young man who looked like "that very brilliant and rather eccentric Gregory Ives" leaving Marcia at the front door. The boarder had seen him through her front window.

And so the gossiping began. Arden became interested. Gregory Ives had been following Marcia Ferguson and she, the little mix, led him into the wrong train. Well, said Mrs. Prunes, when the engagement was announced, girls these days have to be pretty smart to get husbands.

(Copyright.)

Starched Collar and Cuffs Is Advance Style Message

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



SOME fabrics so hold the interest of the fashionable world, their vogue repeats through more than one season. There are printed velvets, for instance; it cannot be said that they reached the zenith of their glory last winter, perhaps because women did not sufficiently appreciate a good thing when they saw it. But in the autumn mode printed velvets have assuredly come into their own.

In the high marts of fashion, gowns of transparent rayon printed velvet are about the most featured theme of the immediate hour. These lovely velvet weaves which have brought such fame to the fabric realm have in their patternings captured every rich hue on the autumn and winter color card. Included in their range are radiant browns which reflect the witchery of autumn browns and sunset glow and golden tints in their highlights. The new blueberry tones, wine shades, the popular bright blues, dusky violet tints, pea-green and forest green, all mingle in lovely confusion in these much-featured print and plain velvets.

The rayon transparent velvet of which the winsome gown pictured above is made, is printed in a feather interpretation, which means of course, a mingling of exotic plumage colorings, such as only the soft pile of velvet can portray.

The tendency to adopt princess lines for fall is confirmed in the silhouette which this mode achieves—molded-to-the-figure lines through the use of tucking above the normal waistline, the fitted portion extending to below the hips, where a full skirt is shirred on.

At first glance one senses the presence of the girlish cuffs and collars which add such a zestful note to this costume. It's just this way: lingerie cuffs and collars and plentiful lace "fixings," jabots, fichus, capelets, collars and such, are the best climbers in the world—at least of the cat family.

"Then, too," said Mrs. Mountain Lion, "we could tell how we can swim, and how, whenever we come to a piece of water we go in swimming."

"Water doesn't come in pieces," said Mr. Mountain Lion, smiling sweetly. "We'd better speak of water in some other way."

"We'd better mention whether we came to a brook, or a river, or a pond, or a lake, or what was it, and if it happened to be large enough for us to have a fine swim."

"Yes, we'd better do that," said Mrs. Mountain Lion. "However we really have a good deal to tell about ourselves."

"A good deal, it is true," said Mr. Mountain Lion.

"A good deal," repeated Mrs. Mountain Lion again.

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For Best Results in Home Dyeing

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Plenty of pure anilines make Diamond Dyes easy to use. They go on evenly without spotting or streaking. Try them next time and see why authorities recommend them; why millions of women will use no other dyes.

You get Diamond Dyes for the same price as ordinary dyes; 15c, at any drug store.

The Main Feat

Male Visitor (chatting to oldest inhabitant)—That's all very well, but haven't you ever done anything of any consequence?

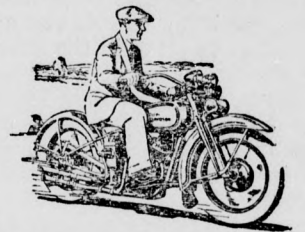
Female Ditto—George, didn't you hear him say he'd lived in this village all his life?—London Opinion.

Keep Blankets Like New!

To keep blankets fresh and sweet always wash them with 20 Mule Team Borax and a mild soap. Avoid strong alkalis and harsh "washing compounds." A final Borax rinse leaves them soft and fluffy.—Adv.

Spurious?

It is getting so that if you have never met a word in a crossword puzzle you begin to suspect it is spurious.—Portland Oregonian.



Lindy Rode a Harley

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Zoom over the hills!

Zip around the corners!

O! Boy! Experience that thrill on a world-favorite Harley-Davidson.

Only a cent a mile, too!

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"You Will Feel At Home Here"

SUCH IS LIFE—A Fair Question

By Charles Sughrue



THE CAMPBELL PRESS
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Editorial

He who profits by crime is guilty of it.
—Seneca.

THE WORLD SERIES

Again we are confronted with the phenomena of the World Series. No game ever before has held the undivided attention of an entire nation for so long a period. From 1884, when Providence won laurels as the World Series winner, right up to 1928, when the crown went to New York, interest has been intense in every corner of the land. And now everyone is asking: What team will bring home the bacon in 1929? Philadelphia? Chicago?

Since the inauguration of the World Series, many things have happened to captivate the fancy of a curious world. Radio, the modern miracle. The development of aviation. The epic-making flight of Lindbergh and the astounding feat of the Graf Zeppelin. The growth of the motion picture and the invention of the "talkies."

There are a thousand more things to do than there were in the old days. And so perhaps many of the old diversions are being forgotten.

But one thing has an eternal charm. Baseball will never lose its place in the affections of the multitude. The World Series of 1929 is looked forward to as eagerly as was the World Series of 1909. Other things may change—but the heart of the American is still the heart of a boy who knows that one of the most important things in the world is to keep right on playing.

No sir! Nothing's going to distract us from the World Series!

CONGRATULATIONS, JOHN and FLORENCE!

When John Coolidge and Florence Trumbull were united in the bonds of matrimony yesterday at the simple Plainville, Conn., Congregational church, the good wishes and love of a nation speeded them on their journey over the matrimonial seas.

Think of it! Here is the son of one of the most distinguished presidents of the United States—and the daughter of the governor of a great state—setting out on a life together that will be compounded of mutual affection, mutual thrift, mutual work.

No frills—no grand gala wedding—no life of ease and luxury for them. John Coolidge is his father's son—he believes in doing his bit in the world and living soberly and economically. While Florence Trumbull, interviewed by representatives of great newspapers, declares that she is more interested in helping her husband than in the color of her wedding gown. "If he works, why shouldn't I? Of course I will do my own housework."

A marriage entered in this spirit is sure to be productive of happiness and serve as a noble example to others.

Congratulations, John and Florence!

The Letter Box

Editor's Note: Communications intended for "The Letter Box" may be published without the writer's signature providing the management is aware of the identity of the author. We reserve the right to divulge the contributor's name on request.

KEEP THE OLD GROUND

Editor the Press:
When President Roosevelt consented to stop in our little village, and gave his time and strength to plant our redwood tree, the two things that induced him to do so were: that it was a tree, a redwood; and that it was to be planted on ground where a high school was to be built. Education and forestry made a very strong appeal to our president. Out of respect for his memory, that piece of ground should always belong to the high school.

I think most of our citizens realize the crowded conditions of our high school, and will vote for a new building, provided we do not duplicate our auditorium, and use the present high school grounds, and buildings already equipped for gymnasium and shop work.

—Mrs. Ellen R. Smith.

Mrs. Alice Hutchins, who has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Dunlap for some time, has returned to her home in San Jose.

Here's Howe

BY E. W. HOWE
"The Sage of Potato Hill"

VOLTAIRE, A MASTER—VIRTUE—STAYING POWER

Frequently a reader encounters these two words: "Voltaire said." . . . I always read what follows; sometimes I do not understand it, occasionally I disagree, but always I recognize a master mind and hand.

Some will not read him; they have heard he was a mean and foolish little man. On the contrary, he was so unusual that he is still encouraging or distressing his fellow men.

If you read of Napoleon you soon note he had a great deal of respect for Voltaire. You have undoubtedly heard of Frederick the Great, who had the advantage of being a king to start with. Voltaire was a much smarter man; he has had far greater influence on the world. In spite of faults inevitable and natural in any human machine, Voltaire came nearer having intelligence than any other living organism.

I give him no credit; he simply had it. In stead of being born a pitiful fool, he was born with the world's greatest mind. Some of the famous prophets were weaklings compared to him; Mahomet's personal history convicts him frequently of being an ass—indeed, I know of no greater mystic among rulers who had a really good mind.

Voltaire won his fame as fairly as has evolution; every scholar has added him up and given him great credit.

This long introduction to a quotation from Voltaire I just encountered.

ADULT CLASSES AT CAMPBELL HIGH

Classes for adults will be started again at Campbell union high school beginning Monday afternoon, Sept. 30. Monday and Wednesday afternoons there will be a class in dressmaking and Tuesday and Thursday afternoons a class in millinery. Mrs. Agnes Roberts, who taught these classes so efficiently last year, will again be in charge. The time is 2 to 4, the place, the sewing room at the high school.

A class in arts and crafts will be formed a little later if there is sufficient demand, also one in weaving and choral singing. Anyone interested in these three courses should communicate with the principal.

Local Community Chest Committee Will Raise \$3,000

The local Community Chest council met last Tuesday evening and made plans for the 1930 budget. Harold Morton presided over the meeting. Campbell will subscribe the same amount on the same plan as the 1929 budget, but \$2,000 will be used locally while \$1,000 will go to the general fund, making a total of \$3,000 for the

tered in reading: "All men are equal; but it is not birth but virtue which makes them so."

In the gross sentimentalism of our conversation and reading the declaration that we are all equal is a favorite; but remember that a man really able to think says you are only equal to another if you have his virtues.

And virtue is a simple word; it means a high average in the sort of conduct the world has decided is good. The dictionary gives some pages to the word virtue, but it all condenses into this; a high average in fairness, honesty, industry, temperance, usefulness in small or great ways, and thrift in health and business.

And the lowliest of us may profit from the practice of virtue.

I have received many letters in a single delivery of mail, and not one of real interest; but I received one today that caused me to take notice. "The heroics of human life," said the writer, "do not consist in spectacular circumstances; in great deeds, or in the taking of cities, but in the staying power we have for the monotony of little things that make up the long hard seige of living and behaving creditably." This, it seems to me, is wise; had I encountered it in Emerson or Aristotle, I should have been moved no more than I was by this utterance of one of the plain people of 1929.

Rebekahs Enjoy Treat Of Mr. and Mrs. Silver

Tuesday evening, Sept. 17, Ada Rebekah lodge met in regular session at I. O. O. F. hall, Mrs. Lillian Frazer presiding. After the business meeting a social hour was spent in playing whist. Mrs. Anna Bachman and Mrs. Martha Phillips received prizes for making the pledge.

Ralph Hyde, who is in charge of the drive, is now working at the organization of his committees and co-workers. When plans are completed, the drive will be put under way at once.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

F. H. Cutting is visiting his son, Douglas, in Pacific Grove for a few days.

Mrs. Anna Eldred of Battle Creek, Mich., is making an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Coupland.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cutting were business visitors in Oakland Friday.

The Young Women's Service club of the Methodist church held highest scores.

Members were then invited to the banquet hall where Mr. and Mrs. Harry Silver of San Jose had provided a treat of ice cream and wafers.

A resolution was passed conveying greetings to Mrs. J. W. Lancaster of Central avenue, and wishes for her speedy recovery.

its first meeting of the season Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. William Lloyd on Hamilton avenue. Miss Mary Rodeck presided over the meeting.

The season's first meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. R. W. Kennedy, Mrs. E. Hubbell presiding. Mrs. Hubbell and Mrs. Kennedy were elected delegates to the state convention which will be held in San Francisco sometime during October.

Mrs. Ralph Cookson and daughter Margaret will arrive tomorrow for a visit at the Dr. W. I. Merrill home.

Mrs. Ura Lay and her six children, of Kennedy avenue, who have several times been deserted by Thomas Lay, husband and father, the last desertion ending in the jailing of Lay for burglary, have been in desperate circumstances, relieved yesterday by the local community chest, according to Mrs. W. I. Merrill, secretary of the chest.

CUTTING the WIRES at a Critical Moment

Messages interrupted . . . News delayed . . . Business transactions halted . . . this is what happens when a sudden storm interrupts the telegraph service.

There will be no "wires down" or "interruption" in the administration of your estate if you name American Trust Company as the executor and trustee of your will. By so doing you are assured of an executor and trustee of your own choice, and one who will be here to serve your family efficiently throughout the administration of your estate.

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Binders—	
College	1.10
I. P.	.75
Varsity	.70
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Binder Papers	
All kinds, 28 sheets	.10

Drawing Pads	
9x12 Manila	.15
9x12 White	.20
12x18 White	.40

Drawing and Misc. Supplies	
Eagle drafting pencils	.05
Eldorado Pencils, 5B to 6H	.10
Compasses 10, 25 and	.50
Rulers	.05
Thumb Tacks, 1 doz.	.05
Chamois	.10
Crayolas	.20
Fixatif	.25
French Charcoal, 2 sticks	.05
India Ink	.25
T-squares	2.50
Architect's scales	.75
Mech. Drawing sets, low as	5.50
Mech. Drawing paper, 4 sheets	.35

Writing Equipment	
Automatic Pencils, 10, 25 and	.50
Erasers, 2 for 5 and	.05
Fountain Pens as low as	1.00
All kinds fountain pen ink	.15
Fancy Penholders, 15 and	.25
Pencils	.05

All other supplies at correspondingly low prices at

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PRICE LIST OF REPAIRS

Men's Shoes	Ladies' Shoes
Half Soled and Rubber Heels	Half Soled and Heels
Heels	Half Soled
Half Soled	Rubber Heels
Rubber Heels	Leather Heels

Boy's Shoes	Small Children's Shoes
Half Soled and Rubber Heels	Half Soles and Heels, 75c up

CAMPBELL SHOE HOSPITAL

Factory Methods Used
Repairing While You Wait
Across from Bank

SOULS for SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

NINTH INSTALLMENT

He never said anything, however, that he might not have said before a crowd. He never tried to hold her hand, or snatch a kiss or flich an embrace. Mem was constantly set quivering with expectancy that he would make some advance, some gesture of endearment, yet always unable to decide just what she would do if he did. But he didn't.

The picture and its final retakes were finished on a Saturday afternoon. There was an evening's idleness ahead. Claymore asked Mem to take a drive in his car, a long farewell flight about the familiar and the unvisited roads. She accepted meekly. Something told her that this drive was important to her fate.

Something was always telling her something. Nine times out of ten it was false, but she forgot the failures and recalled the coincidences.

Nobody had yet asked Mem for her self-respect as an initiation fee or an initiation rite. She was paid a weekly wage based upon her ability, her experience, and her usefulness. She was paid in coin of the realm.

Her price would rise and fall according to the general market for moving pictures and her specific value. Her emotions and her beauty were commodities, and Steddon

coming out now like early stars pricking a twilight sky. For miles and miles the highway mounted and writhed along the steep slopes of precipices, hugging the rocks to let pass car after car with lamps flashing in front of blurred passengers.

In almost every "bay" where there was a bit of space a motor had stopped and drawn close to the cliffside in the dark, each car a wheeled solitude, a love boat at anchor in a stream of cars ignoring and ignored. There was a strange influence in this recurrent mystery. Everywhere lovers were hiding themselves in conspicuous concealment. Mem felt disgust at the first dozen, amusement or contempt for the next fifty, tolerance for the next, and—

Claymore did not speak of them or of anything else. He was too busy twirling the wheel and guaging the little distances between the edge of the cliff and the cars that whizzed past.

Halfway up the canon his headlights ransacked a black cove and found no motor in possession of the estuary of night. And here, to Mem's dumb astonishment, he abruptly checked his car, swung in off the road against the wall of rubble and stopped short with a sigh of exaggerated fatigue.

"Well," he groaned, "this is a drive! I'll rest a bit if you don't mind. Pretty here, eh?"



"Sorry to interrupt you, folks, but I need your money."

stock would be quoted on the Soul Exchange as the demand for it rose and fell, as the bidders for it increased or diminished.

Claymore had been chaperoned by the company and his own reverence for discipline. But now she was outside his authority. Both were outside the Bermood inclosure. And they were as helpless together as any other twain whom nothing restrains or separates in the undertow of passion. They were two emotional people without a barrier.

Among the countless things said about the hows and whys of women's surrenders one motive seems to have been too much ignored, though it must have exerted a vast influence as women go more and more into the worlds of business, of art, and of freedom with only themselves for their guardians.

Good sportsmanship, a hatred of smugery, a contempt for too careful self-protection, a disgust for a holier-than-thou self esteem—these are amiable attitudes of mind that make for popularity. To be a miser of one's graces, a hypochondriacal coddler of one's virtues, is to be unloved and unlovable.

So many a man will gamble, break a law, risk his career, his health, his life, get drunk, steal, slay, and play the fool rather than face the reproach that he is a mollycoddle, a Puritan, a prig, a Miss Nancy, a coward, a Pharisee.

And many a woman who would not yield for love or luxury must have consented for fear of seeming to be overproud, stingy, cold, prudish, disobeying, superhuman, subnormal, unsportsmanlike.

Mem had been swept once beyond the moorings by a summer storm of devotion to young Farnaby, her first love. Now she was to feel her anchors cut adrift by the gracious gesture of good fellowship with a colleague.

The Ocean Drive stretched along a forest of palms like huge coco-nuts dark against the gaudy west. The automobiles of every make were so many that they were almost one long automobile, or at least a chain on which they slid as black beads. Their lights were

There was a long, long silence that filled Mem with a terror she could not quite fail to enjoy. She could not tell whether she heard her own heartbeats or his, but excitement was athrob together in the little coach that had brought them so swiftly to this remote seclusion.

Claymore was dumb so long that Mem had time to cease to be afraid of what he would say, and to begin to wish that he would get it said, so that she could know what her answer would be.

She felt a baffling uncertainty of herself. She could not imagine what she might do or say. She had not had much experience of men. —But enough to know that before long he would initiate the immemorial procedure that starts with an arm adventuring about a waist and a voyage after a kiss.

She told herself that the only right and proper thing to do would be to resist, protest, forbid and prevent at any cost the profanation of her sacred integrity. If necessary, she must fight, scratch, scream, escape, run away, appeal for help to any passer-by, or, as a last resort, leap over the cliff and die for honor's sake.

But who was that She and who wast that Herself that told each other so many things?

Herself told she that Mr. Claymore could not be treated as an ordinary ruffian, an insolent, outrageous knave, a fiend. He had treated her with most delicate courtesy from the first, he had given her his admiration, his praise, his devotion, his mute but evident affection.

If he loved her and revealed his love, she could hardly reward his patient chivalry with prompt ingratitude and violence and fear. That would make her the insulter, not him.

She must be very gentle with him and ask him kindly to forbear and not to spoil the pleasant friendship that she had prized.

If Mr. Claymore should propose marriage, that would make his caresses acceptable—according to some canons, though not to all. But he could not marry her and she did not want to marry him. She did not want to marry anybody just now. She was a free woman in a free country.

She was not free, however, from the witchery of this night, this dream, the vast yearning of this mountainous beauty. She was not free of the disaster of desire, the hunger to be embraced and kissed and whispered to, the need to be kept warm in the cold loneliness of the world.

Her thoughts spun giddily in her

mind, all entangled with a skein of romantic threads. She was young and pretty and time was wasting her flowerly graces. Some one bloomed!

While she debated with herself, as doubtless innumerable women have plights, Claymore's own mind was a chaos of equally ancient platitudes of a man's philosophy.

At length he found the courage or the cruelty to slip his arm about Mem's waist and draw her close to him. He was almost more alarmed than delighted to find that she hardly resisted at all.

He took her hands in his and whispered, "Your poor little hands are cold!"

Then he kissed them with cold lips that he lifted at once to hers and found them warm and strangely like a rose against his mouth.

He was as much amazed as if hers were the first lips he had ever kissed—as if he had just invented kissing. Then in a frenzy of wonder he closed her in his arms with all his power. He did not know that the wheel bruised her side, and neither did she.

But she forgot to debate her duty or to think of her soul. She thought only of the rapture of this communion, and her arms stole around his neck and she clenched him with all the power of her arms.

Mem, swooning she knew not whither, was awakened from her mad rapture by a low voice across her shoulder.

"Sorry to interrupt you, folks, but I need your money!"

She turned and found herself blinded by the glare from a motor halted at a little distance. Dazzled as she was, she could see the gaunt hand that held before her a black pistol with a glint outlining its ugly muzzle.

Claymore was sane enough to attempt no resistance, though he almost perished of chagrin. He endured the insolence of the masked stranger who stole the chain and a wallet and the loose silver.

The blackguard held his clubbed pistol over Claymore's head a moment, then forebore to strike, and dropped from the step with a last warning.

"Sit pretty now and keep 'em up till I git goin' or I'll—"

His car shot around the curve. Claymore brought down his aching arms. They were too much ashamed of themselves to return to their late post about Mem's shoulders.

A perverse remorse filled their souls with confusion; a remorse because of a wrong remorse, a disgust for an unaccepted temptation and for being so temptable.

A woman never quite forgives a man for not dying for her at the first opportunity. She probably never quite forgives him for dying, either.

So the clever man evades the situation where a choice is required, as the virtuous man evades temptation while it is yet far off.

(Continued Next Week)

Dr. W. I. Merrill is in San Fran-

cisco today on business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsley are enjoying a two weeks' vacation in British Columbia.

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

Snowdrift, 3 lbs.	71c
Boyden's Honey, 32 oz. jar	49c
Calo Dog Food, 2 cans	23c
Melba vegetized Toast, pkg.	19c
Oxydol, 2 pkgs.	37c
Babbitt's Lye, can	11c
Lucky Strike Cigarettes, 2 pkgs	23c
Minute Tapioca, 8 oz. pkg.	11c
H. O. Oats, large pkg.	33c
Dunbar Shrimps, can	15c
Wrigley's Gum, 3 pkgs.	10c

PARA-DI-CHLORO BENZENE for tree borers. Now is the time to apply

We carry ORTHO Brand in all sizes
COVER CROP SEED
Mellilotus Vetch Barley
GET OUR PRICES

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 37 Service and Dependability.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



Last Call!

To get your name in the new telephone directory

Last Call!

For business, residence or advertising listings or changes, please get in touch with our Business Office

heat your home with gas fuel automatically

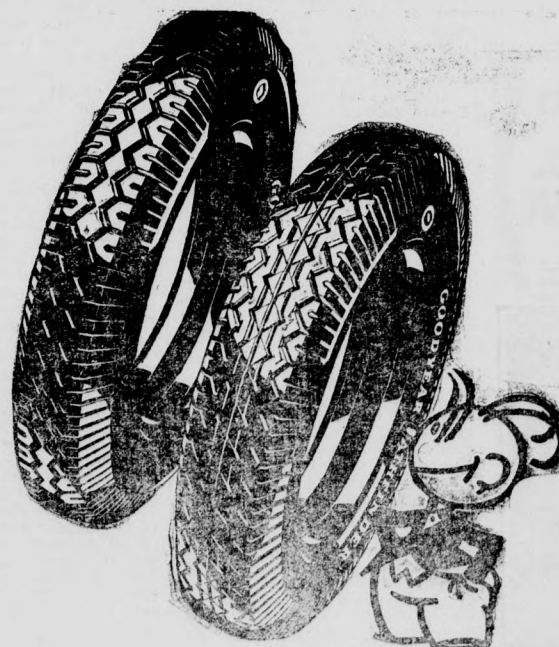


Enjoy care-free, comfortable warmth by installing an automatic gas-fired heating system. It costs less than any other automatic system. It lasts for years with little servicing. Modern ventilated fire-box passes all products of combustion outdoors. Into your rooms flows heat as clean as the warmth from the sun.

There are many types of
PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
P.G. and E.
Owned · Operated · Managed
by Californians

good gas-fired heating equipment. How can you know which to choose?

The experience of P G and E engineers and their knowledge of all types of gas-fired heating systems enables them to judge which is the most adaptable for each home. Their knowledge is for your benefit. For details, phone or call our office. Automatic heating installed for 10% down and terms



"They're
Tough
Babies

—and don't
they look
like a
million
dollars?"

They're the New Improved

GOODYEAR

PATHFINDER

Supertwist Cord Tires

HALIWELL & JONES

Opposite Schools

Campbell, Calif.

FAMILY DOCTOR MADE MILLIONS OF FRIENDS



Fifteen years after his graduation, Dr. Caldwell became famous for a single prescription, which now, after forty years, is still making friends.

Today Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative. Millions of people never think of using anything else when they're constipated, headachy, bilious, feverish or weak; when breath is bad, tongue coated, or they're suffering from nausea, gas, or lack of appetite or energy.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made today according to the original formula, from herbs and other pure ingredients. It is pleasant-tasting; thorough in the most obstinate cases; gently effective for women and children. Above all, it represents a doctor's choice of what is safe for the bowels.

Agents Make Money, with our sell-on-sight line of Christmas Cards with your customer's name on them in raised letters. Classic Printery, 108 Eureka St., San Francisco, Calif.

USE GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

Contains 3 1/2% Pure Sulphur
Soft, Clear Skin
Rohland's Styptic Cotton, 25c

Novel Penal Suggestion

To save the public from having to support jail inmates and their families a New York sociologist suggests that individuals convicted of minor offenses might spend only their nights in jail and might work at their jobs during the day, turning their wages in to the proper authorities.

Russ Ball Blue delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

Mathematically Exact

"The snake to which I refer," said the teacher, "is said to strike with mathematical precision."

"I suppose you mean an adder, sir?" suggested a bright pupil.—Stray Stories.

The Other Thing

Mr. Borer—I know a thing or two! Miss Yawn—Really? What's the other one?—Fun.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

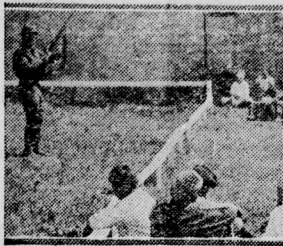
A BABY REMEDY
APPROVED BY DOCTORS
FOR COLIC, CONSTIPATION, DIARRHEA



Three Generations Endorse It

"When I was a young single girl I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because my mother did and she gave it to me. After I married I took it before my children were born and afterwards, and I have eight living children. I am now a grandmother and still take it and still recommend it when any one is tired and run-down."—Mrs. Alfred Iverson, St. Edwards, Nebraska.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound



1—President Hoover congratulating Dr. Hugo Eckener on the world-circling flight of the Graf Zeppelin. 2—Col. Charles Lindbergh being made an honorary member of the "High Hat" squadron of navy flyers at the Cleveland air meet. 3—The Junior rifle school at Camp Perry, Ohio, where boys and girls were instructed in marksmanship.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Anglo-American Naval Agreement Getting Nearer.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

RAMSAY MACDONALD, prime minister of Great Britain, told the assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva that he and Ambassador Davies in their many conversations concerning naval armament limitation had reached an accord on seventeen of the twenty points under consideration, and that he hoped to be able very soon to announce a full settlement. But dispatches from Washington and Geneva indicated that the three points unsettled were vitally important and that on these Great Britain and the United States were still far apart. They involve cruiser tonnage and the comparative fighting values of vessels armed with 5-inch and 8-inch guns. General Davies sent a long communication to the State department and it was considered at a White House breakfast attended by Secretary of State Stimson, Secretary of the Navy Adams and the members of the navy general board. Cruiser tonnage figures were not made public, but it was learned that the British cruiser requirements, though less than in 1927, were still far above the tonnage figures favored by President Hoover and would not give parity for the United States even if all our fifteen cruisers are built. The British insist they must have a large number of small cruisers, outside of the parity figures, to protect the world's sea lanes and protect British shipping.

Both Mr. MacDonald in Geneva and American officials in Washington were hopeful that the points of difference could be adjusted, and the prime minister said that as soon as this was accomplished he would formally announce his intention of visiting the United States to confer with President Hoover and Secretary Stimson.

Aristide Briand, premier of France, invited the chief delegates of the European nations in the league to a meeting for the purpose of hearing his plans for a political, economic and social federation of European powers. He wished the delegates to submit the scheme to their governments and ask for their suggestions. Briand made it clear that the proposed federation is not aimed against the interests of the United States of America. Both Ramsay MacDonald and Dr. Gustav Stresemann seemed to like Briand's plan.

THAT the League of Nations would adopt the Kellogg pact outlawing war as its policy was a probability, made strong by the fact that such a course was said to be favored by Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany and Japan. In his opening speech before the assembly Premier Briand declared the pact was really framed in the minds of the league; and, following him, Foreign Minister Hymans of Belgium advocated a closer linking of the pact with the covenant of the league. He held the former was infinitely stronger than the covenant because it interdicted all wars of aggression while the covenant of the league left the door open for war when the council was unable to reach unanimity as to the identity of the aggressor. "The covenant is already old," he said. "The Kellogg-Briand pact embodies progress."

ADHERENCE of the United States to the World Court for International Justice came a big step nearer when delegates of forty countries belonging to that tribunal unanimously accepted the Root protocol, which was later approved by the assembly of the League of Nations. The United States government was officially notified of this action.

FOREIGN MINISTER STRESEMAN of Germany and his fellow delegates to the reparations conference at The Hague reported the results to the German cabinet and received the unanimous approval of the other ministers. The cabinet agreed to take all necessary measures to make the German people realize that The Hague

agreement really represents a step forward, and not a defeat as the German nationalists label it.

In his address before the league assembly Premier Briand of France declared that at the reparations conference he would have been untrue to peace and accord if he had allowed "several millions of money" to prevent France from helping to liquidate the problems of the great war. The nations must be ready to make concessions.

Orders for evacuation of the Rhineland by the British and Belgian forces have been issued, and the French are preparing to get out as soon as they can conveniently.

VIGOROUS action by the British brought about a partial cessation of the hostilities in most parts of Palestine and the Arabs were beginning to realize that England meant to make good on her pledge to protect the Jews there. But all around the Holy Land there was something of a revolution among the Moslems. Floods of propaganda proclamations were scattered among the Arabs of bordering states calling on them to engage in a holy war to help their fellow Moslems in Palestine.

The British colonial office appointed a commission to investigate the race war, but announced that "no inquiry is contemplated which might alter the position of this country in regard to the mandate or the policy laid down by the earl of Balfour in the declaration of 1917 and embodied in the mandate, of establishing Palestine as a national home for the Jews."

FOR a few days it seemed likely that negotiations, conducted in Berlin, would bring about an agreement between Russia and China concerning the Chinese Eastern railroad and perhaps end the threat of war. But the plan failed, at least temporarily, and both nations continued to concentrate their forces on the Manchurian frontier. A late dispatch reached London from Tientsin saying that 3,000 Soviet soldiers had invaded Sinkiang, Manchuria, and were marching on Illi. In the region about Manchouli the Chinese were establishing their first line of defense, but it was believed that in case of serious Russian invasion they will fall back on the passes in the Great Khingan mountains, which have been strongly fortified. Several thousand Russian troops were moved two miles across the border in the vicinity of Manchouli, and there were repeated clashes in that sector.

Both the United States and Great Britain have rejected the Chinese demand that they surrender their extraterritorial rights in China, but in both cases the prospect is held out that such action may be taken later when the Nationalist government has progressed so far that there will no longer be need for the foreign courts.

CAUGHT in a terrific storm over the waste land of the Southwest, the big transcontinental passenger plane, City of San Francisco, bound from Albuquerque to Los Angeles, was destroyed probably by a lightning bolt and its five passengers and crew of three were killed. The dead were Mrs. J. B. Raymond of Glendale, Calif.; A. B. McGaffey of Albuquerque, N. M.; Campbell of Cincinnati, Harris Livermore of Boston and William H. Beers of New York, passengers; J. B. Stowe and A. E. Deitel, pilots, and C. F. Canfield, courier.

Another aviator killed by lightning was Maj. John H. Wood, noted speed pilot and president of the Northern Airways company. His plane exploded over the desert south of Needles, Calif., and he went down to his death with his wreckage. His mechanic escaped with a parachute.

Pilot T. G. Reid, at the Cleveland air races, set a new record for solo endurance flying and then presumably fell asleep, for his plane crashed and he was instantly killed. Lady Mary Heath, who also crashed at Cleveland and was terribly injured, was reported as having a chance for recovery. Jimmy Doolittle, crack flyer of the army corps, was practicing for stunts at the Cleveland show when, in a tremendous dive, both wings of his plane crumpled; he went over the side with his parachute and landed unhurt.

Piloted this time by Capt. Ernst Lehmann, the Graf Zeppelin made the return trip to Friedrichshafen with speed and safety. The huge airship was welcomed by premiers and other officials of all the German states and an immense throng of private citizens; President von

Hindenburg was prevented from being present by the death of his sister. The Zeppelin's round-the-world flight from its home port was made in 20 days, 4 hours and 13 minutes, establishing a new record.

After conferences at Akron, Ohio, Dr. Hugo Eckener said the Goodyear-Zeppelin and German Zeppelin corporation would join in establishing transoceanic dirigible lines. It will require from two to four years to place the ships in operation.

REPUBLICANS of the senate finance committee formally reported to the senate their tariff bill, and the opponents of the measure spent several days jockeying for the best position from which to attack it. The radical Republicans, led by Borah, determined to try to have tariff revision limited to agricultural products, and in this they counted on the support of many Democrats. The radicals also sponsored a joint resolution introduced by Senator Blaine of Wisconsin authorizing all members of congress to have unlimited access to secret corporation income tax returns while the tariff bill is pending. The Democrats threatened Senator Simmons made it known they would try to obtain the same results by a resolution directing the finance committee to get the income tax information from the treasury.

FOUR hundred officers and men, picked as the best of the army's engineering forces, were ordered by Secretary of War Good to duty in the jungles of Central America to survey the route of the proposed Nicaraguan canal. Their findings and report will go far toward determining whether or not the government will undertake to build that waterway, the estimated cost of which is about a billion dollars. The survey, which will require two years, will be supervised by the intercanal board appointed by President Hoover.

CHICAGO mourns the death of two of her best citizens, Judge Frank Comerford of the superior court, and William E. Dever, former judge and mayor. Judge Comerford, who was in the prime of life, was justly regarded as one of the city's most valuable jurists—courageous, wise, honest and a determined upholder of the dignity of the courts. Elected to the Illinois legislature when but twenty-six years old, Comerford was expelled from that body because of his attacks on corrupt members, but he was sent back by his constituency. Physical disabilities kept him out of the army when war was declared, but he was active in other ways in his country's service. He was elected to the bench in 1926, and presided in several notable cases. Mr. Dever, who lived most of his life in Chicago, was classed as a truly great citizen. He was a leader of Democrats for many years and his record both as judge and as mayor was excellent.

Frederick F. Proctor, builder of New York's first vaudeville theater and originator of the vaudeville chain, passed away in Larchmont, N. Y. He rose from errand boy and circus performer to the high position in the theatrical world which he relinquished last May when he sold his chain of more than twenty theaters to another corporation.

MAJ. JOHN COOLIDGE, son of former President and Mrs. Coolidge, and Miss Florence Trumbull, daughter of the governor of Connecticut, will be married on September 23 in Plainville, Conn. Miss Trumbull will have five attendants. Miss Jean Trumbull, her sister, will be maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Esther Trumbull and Miss Dorothy Clark, cousins, both of Plainville; Miss Virginia Rogers of Pittsburgh, Pa., a roommate at Mount Holyoke, and Mrs. Philip Morehouse of Brooklyn, N. Y. Major Coolidge will be attended by Stephan Brown of Northampton, Mass., a classmate at Amherst college.

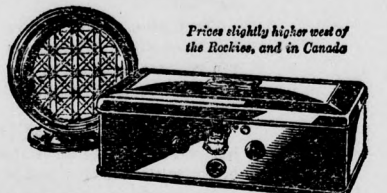
MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE was given the honor of christening the new light cruiser Northampton Thursday, when it was launched at Quincy, Mass. The name of the 10,000-ton vessel was selected to honor the former President, whose home is in Northampton, Mass. He was unable to be present, however. Secretary Adams represented the Navy department, and Mrs. Coolidge was accompanied by a large delegation of Northampton citizens.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

HERE IT IS...from the
LEADER OF RADIO

New Screen-Grid, Electro-Dynamic BATTERY SET

of course it's an Atwater Kent!



IN COMPACT TABLE MODELS—For battery, Model 87 Screen-Grid receiver. Uses 7 tubes (3 Screen-Grid). Without tubes, \$77. For house-current operation, Model 85 Screen-Grid receiver. Uses 6 A. C. tubes (2 Screen-Grid) and 1 rectifying tube. Without tubes, \$88. Electro-Dynamic table-model speaker, \$34.

YOU families who haven't electricity—who use batteries to run your radio—how you will relish the news that Atwater Kent has ready for you a completely new battery set with all the very latest proved improvements.

It, too, is Screen-Grid.

It, too, is Electro-Dynamic. It, too, has the power to leap across the map and bring in those far-off stations. It, too, has the depth and richness of tone, heretofore thought possible only in house-current sets.

It comes from the same 32-acre factory built by the good-will of 2,550,000 owners of Atwater Kent Radio. It's made with the same painstaking care that keeps an

ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Daylight Time). WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Daylight Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

IN CABINETS

The best American cabinet makers—famous for sound design and sincere workmanship—are cooperating to meet the demand for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio in fine cabinets like these.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, Pres.
4764 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.



Gone for Good

As the well-known actor entered his dressing room his dresser cornered him and asked him if he hadn't forgotten something.

"No," replied the actor, "I think not."

"Not the bottle of port you promised me, sir?"

"No, I didn't forget it. I left it with the stage doorkeeper."

"That's done it," groaned the dresser. "Why, you might as well left a cabbage-leaf in charge of a rabbit!"—London Tilt-Bits.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

More Than Enough

Sammy (aged seven)—Mamma, can I have some more puddin'?

Mother—No, Sammy, you've had enough.

Sammy—But, mother, I don't want enough. I want too much.—London Answers.

To Wash Clothes Clean

You need the extra cleanliness that comes from washing clothes with 20 Mule Team Borax. While it aids the soap in loosening the dirt and whitening the clothes, it also sweetens and purifies.—Adv.

Thought for Today

Many a man goes through life incoherent to himself.—John Andrew Holmes.

Plodding is highly spoken of because thereby so many men feel themselves praised.

Philosophy

The story is going the rounds of the meeting of John D. and a road hog. It was a narrow back road and for a vexing while the world's richest man ate dust from the slow poke ahead, who wouldn't allow room to pass. When at last a broad cross road let them by, Mr. Rockefeller said: "There was a time when I'd have been quite angry at a man who acted as mean as that, but I learned a long time ago that resentment is bad for a man. When we lose our tempers we are only poisoning ourselves."



Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Extremist that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety. It contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

K-R-O
KILLS-RATS-ONLY

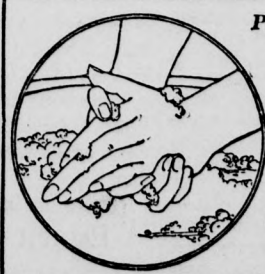
W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 38-1929.

Protect your hands with

Cuticura Soap

Always in view, your hands should be as attractive as possible. To prevent redness and roughness caused by daily tasks, use Cuticura Soap every time you wash your hands; always dry thoroughly... Assist with Cuticura Ointment if necessary.

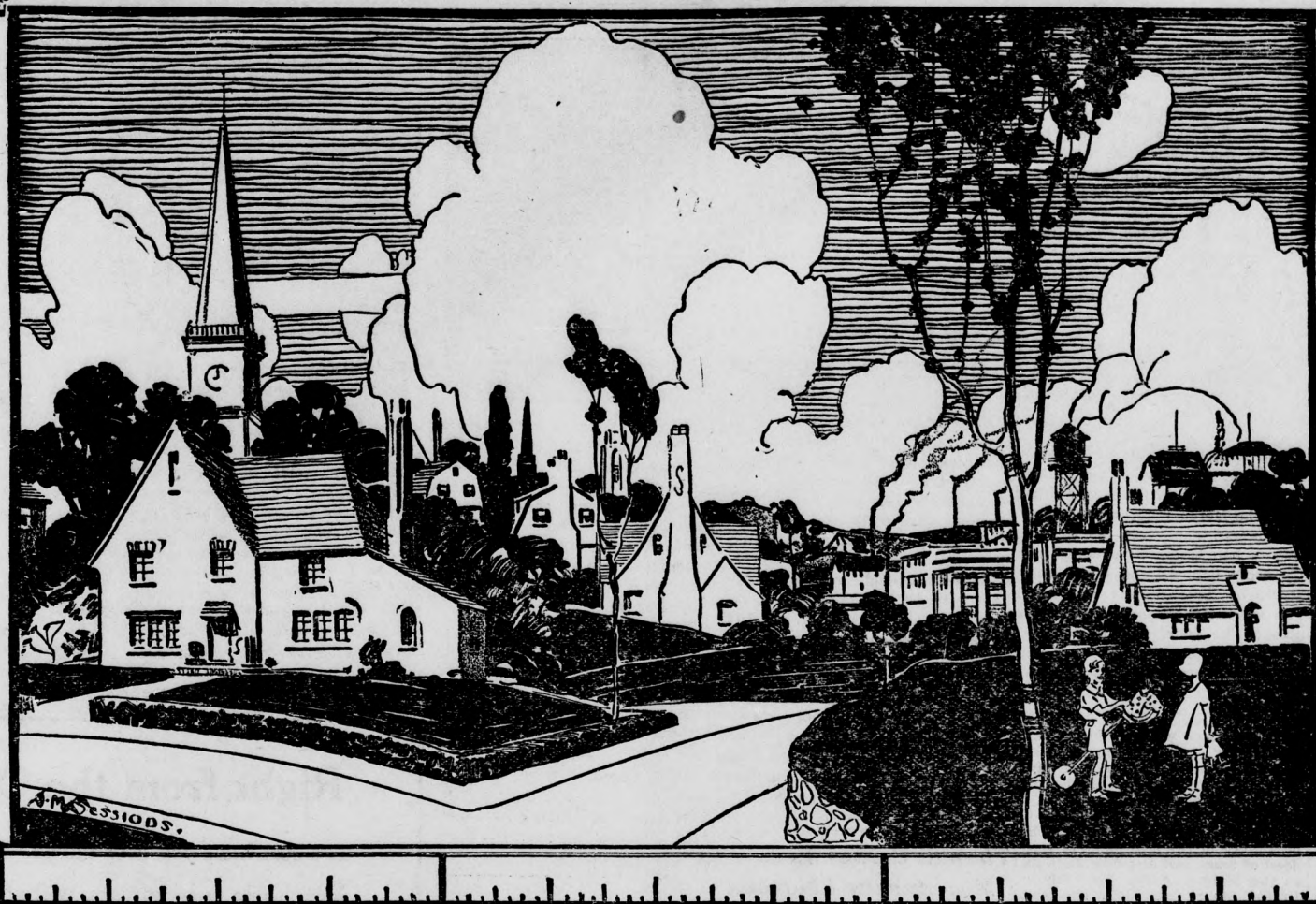
Soap 25c. Talcum 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura" Dept. B7, Malden, Mass.



GRAY'S BEST FOR 109 YEARS 25¢ Ointment

Used Personally by President Andrew Jackson. If your local Druggist hasn't it, sent postpaid for 25¢—W. F. GRAY CO., Nashville, Tenn.

for BOILS-SORES of all KINDS
BURNS-CARCUNCLES
CUTS STINGS-SCALDS



The Community Yardstick

Is it a good place in which to bring up a child? That is the acid test applied to any town.

How can we find the answer? By using the community yardstick—which provides a three-way test of the factors that have a direct bearing upon child life in the community. It will take but a few minutes to measure our community with this yardstick and ascertain whether or not this is a good place to bring up children. Here are the acid tests

1. Do We Give Our Babies a Fair Chance to Live?

GOOD

In order to attain the rating "Good" the infant death rate of a community should not exceed five deaths, during the first year, out of each one hundred babies born alive.

FAIR

Any community in which the infant mortality exceeds seven and one-half deaths during the first year, out of each one hundred babies born alive, would be rated as "Fair."

POOR

This low rating is applied only to communities where the conditions have reached the disgraceful state where there are ten or more deaths of babies, during the first year, out of each one hundred born alive.

The infant of today is the citizen of tomorrow—it is deserving of a fair chance. The safeguard of infant life is the least a community can guarantee. Baby deaths are largely preventable.

2. Do Our Children Receive an Education to Fit Them for Life?

GOOD

This rating is secured by communities who have safeguarded their future citizenship by seeing that at least seventy-five out of every one hundred children of school age are attending schools.

FAIR

Whenever only sixty children out of every one hundred children are attending schools the community is given a rating of "Fair."

POOR

This rating is applied to communities where the citizenship has failed in its responsibility to the children to such an extent that less than one-half of the children of school age are attending schools.

What greater handicap can be placed upon a child in its preparation for life, than the lack of an education. Every American boy and girl deserves the chance to go to school.

3. Do Our Incomes Provide the Proper Standard of Living?

GOOD

The rating "Good" may be applied to a community where 90% of the families are enjoying an annual income of more than \$2,000 per year.

FAIR

A community where 90% of the families receive an income annually of from \$1,800 to \$2,000 is entitled to a rating of "Fair."

POOR

This rating is given to communities where a low standard of living is found; where the income of 90% of the families is \$1,500 or less.

Every community should seek to provide sufficient incomes for at least ninety per cent of its families so that they may secure the comforts for their children that lead to a healthy and happy childhood and youth.

Folks, these "acid tests" put the problem squarely up to us. Your ideas will be of interest to others. Let's talk it over. No matter how good our standing, it may be bettered, but only through the co-operation of all in

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DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
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Curry Bldg., Campbell, Calif.

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Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

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San Jose California

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keessling, Worthy Secy.

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\$20, 3 rms & bath, fireplace, unfur.
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WANTED—To hear from Carpenter who will give half cash and half work for winter rent. Write P. O. Box 113.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That default having been made in the payment of installment of interest on the promissory note secured by that certain Deed of Trust executed by JOE HANSEN and EVELYN HANSEN, husband and wife, to SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO., a Corporation, as Trustee, and S. N. HEDEGARD and ANNIE M. HEDEGARD, husband and wife, as Beneficiaries, dated August 18th, 1928, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, on the 22nd day of August, 1928, in Volume 423 of Official Records, at Page 31 and following; which said note and deed of trust were, by instrument dated the 25th day of August, 1928, and recorded on the 25th day of May, 1929, in the office of the County Recorder of Santa Clara County, California, in Volume 463 of Official Records, Page 291 of said, assigned by said S. N. Hedegard and Annie M. Hedegard, husband and wife, to L. D. Bohnett, who is now the owner and holder thereof;
And default having been made in the payment of interest due November 18th, 1928, upon said note, and said default having continued for more than one month, and the owner and holder of said note and deed of trust having exercised his option to declare the entire principal and interest on said note to be immediately due and payable;
And application in writing having been made to the undersigned, as Trustee under said deed of trust, by L. D. Bohnett, the owner and holder of said note and deed of trust, that the undersigned sell the premises by said deed of trust conveyed, and hereinafter described, as in said deed of trust provided:
NOW, THEREFORE, The under-

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

J. H. Bennett, Pastor

We are in for the loyalty crusade 100 per cent. Next Sunday our Sunday school young people's work and worshipping congregational will be led to prepare their hearts and minds for the first Sunday, Oct. 6. This will be Roll Call Day. All worshippers are asked to come on Sunday that they may capture the opening enthusiasm of this movement. It has got to go over. Subject of sermon, "The Vital Thing."

The younger groups will meet at 6:30. Their programs are well ahead. Groups from 12 years upward.

At 7:30 Rev. Bennett will lead an inspirational worship service. Special choir practice Saturday at 7:15.

The Rev. Bennett is working to assist the Scouts and Camp Fire girls to win one of the money prizes in the Mercury-Herald opportunity contest, money secured in this way to help pay off the deficit on the scout hall. All those who subscribe or have friends anywhere who subscribe, please ask them to give to the youngsters the opportunity of securing their orders. New subscribers especially wanted. Phone 11-J.

signed Trustee will, on the 17 day of October, 1929, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock A. M. of that day, at the front door of the County Court House of Santa Clara County, in the city of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, in pursuance of the provisions of said deed of trust, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in United States Gold Coin, the land and premises situated in the County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point which is on a line 2 feet Easterly measured at right angles from the Easterly line of the Santa Clara and Los Gatos Road, 50 feet wide, being distant along said line parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road, North 240 feet from the Southerly line of Lot 1 as shown upon the Map of P. G. Keith's Subdivision in the Northwest ¼ of the Southwest ¼ of Section 26, T. 7 S. R. 1 W. M.D. M. which said Map is of record in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, in Book "D" of Maps, Page 169, records of said County, and running thence from said point of beginning and parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road and distant 2 feet therefrom, North 60 feet; thence S. 89 degrees 26 minutes E. and parallel with the Southerly line of said Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches; thence South and parallel with the Easterly line of said Road, 60 feet; thence N. 89 degrees 26 minutes W. and parallel with said Southerly line of Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches to the point of beginning, and being a part of said Lot 1 of P. G. Keith's Subdivision as hereinabove referred to.
DATED: September 10th, 1929
SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO., (CORPORATE SEAL) By L. P. EDWARDS, President Bohnett, Hill & Campbell Attys., San Jose, Calif. (2-3-4-5-6)

UNION DISTRICT

Mrs. Thomas Phillip of Lark avenue is enjoying the visit of a little niece from Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schleuter of Alameda spent Sunday with Mr. Schleuter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Schleuter of Lark avenue.

Mrs. William Main of Oakland motored down to Los Gatos Sunday to visit Mrs. Erma Main of San Jose avenue.

HIGH ENROLLMENT GREATER THAN '28

Enrollment at the local high school is slightly in excess of the enrollment a year ago, according to Principal D. H. Cramer.

Three hundred and twenty-five students were registered Thursday while the enrollment at the same time last year was 323. However, a number of old students are known to be contemplating a return to school next week, so that the enrollment soon should be 340.

Regular classes were held on the first day of school. Some adjustments were necessary because of heavy registration in certain courses, but these matters have been taken care of and the school is functioning smoothly in spite of the rather inadequate plant.

Thomas Byrnes Weds Miss Annette Chapman

Thomas Byrnes and Miss Annette Chapman were married Saturday at the First Presbyterian church in Berkeley.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Byrnes and the bride is from Fresno and is a graduate of U. C. Mr. Byrnes is employed at the California Steel Products company in San Francisco.

A reception for the couple was held at Miss Chapman's sorority house immediately after the ceremony, only close friends and relatives being in attendance at both functions. The newlyweds will visit with Mrs. Byrnes' parents in Fresno, and from there will motor to Oregon to spend their honeymoon.

Basketball Schedule For This Season

The following is the six-weeks' schedule of the basketball games this season in which the local team will take part.

Oct. 11, Santa Clara vs Campbell at Campbell; Oct. 18, Mountain View vs Campbell at Mountain View; Oct. 25, Live Oak vs Campbell at Live Oak; Nov. 1, Santa Clara vs Campbell at Santa Clara; Nov. 8, Mountain View vs Campbell at Campbell; Nov. 15, Live Oak vs Campbell at Campbell.

Confederate Vet 106



Edward W. Nance of Statesboro, Ga., who says he is 106 years old and the oldest living confederate veteran. He says he was born Feb. 26, 1823. Nance served under Stonewall Jackson. He was wounded three times and eventually captured as a prisoner of war.

MORE LOCALS

Mrs. M. F. Hughes and child have returned from Whitmore where they have been visiting for some time with her sister, Mrs. M. H. Lott and family.

Ed Hubbard is living with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hughes while taking his senior work in school this year. His home is in Stockton.



JUST as the "80-mile" car insures smooth running at 50, so the surplus of mileage in the DUAL-Balloon gives incomparable assurance of trouble-free, uninterrupted running. Whether you keep your car a year, or two or more, in all probability you will never have a moment's delay chargeable to rubber.

Although rubber cost has advanced, tire prices are still based on the former low cost. The top quality tire is still within the reach of all.

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GENERAL Dual-Balloon 8

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Some Potatoes!



E. Hentchel of Pierce, Mo., and his armful of giant Burbank potatoes, some of which are twenty inches in diameter.

The officers and members of the local chamber of commerce are planning to attend a meeting in Palo Alto Oct. 16, at which the grade crossing abolition movement will be discussed. Due to the fact that several people have been injured and one killed recently at the local crossings, citizen of this town see the need of eliminating of grade crossings. C. H. Christensen, mayor of Palo Alto, issued the

Continued from Page 1
Washington, D. C. about 9 a. m. Sunday, Aug. 25, was spent in the Zoo and late afternoon and evening at the park between the Washington monument and the Lincoln memorial, near Reflection pool. We also saw the new bridge over the Potomac which anchors at the rear of the Lincoln memorial and which, when completed, will connect Virginia and Washington. Monday Hon. Arthur M. Free, congressman from this district, called at the Hotel Hamilton for myself and party, taking us to the House office building, and after a brief interview with Mr. Free we left with Lloyd Free in the Congressman's car for a sightseeing jaunt, taking in the Pan-American building in Washington, the Christ church at Alexandria, of which Washington and Lee were both members. The old Washington fire house and the Washington Masonic lodge were next visited and then Washington's home at Mt. Vernon. The party enjoyed a fine chicken dinner at the Mt. Vernon inn.

(Concluded Next Week)

invitation.

Mrs. O. A. Putnam is taking a few days of vacation over the weekend.

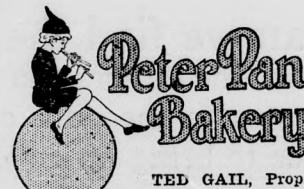
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The best buns you ever tasted.

Serve them once and you will always serve them—fresh every day. Made of the purest ingredients by expert bakers.

Try a dozen today.

We are noted for the high quality of our cakes, pies and bread. Everything at economy prices.



TED GAIL, Prop.



"We'll have to leave Ruth out"

The crowd are going on a picnic
"Ring up Alice!" "Let's call old Fred!"
"But what about Ruth?"

"Oh, we'll have to leave Ruth out," says someone, "she hasn't a telephone."
Is there a Ruth in your home, too, who must miss all the fun—when a telephone would mean so much?

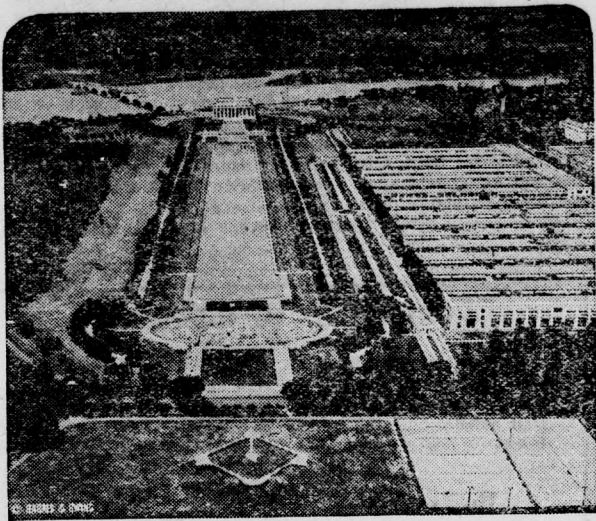
THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

PINKY DINKY and His Gang

By Terry Gilkison



Seen From Washington Monument



This is the view afforded the visitor to the Washington monument looking toward Virginia's hills. The Rainbow fountain pool is shown in the foreground, then the reflecting pool of the magnificent Lincoln memorial. Beyond may be seen the Memorial bridge, almost completed, which will form one more link between Washington and Virginia. To the right are the buildings of the Navy department.

SCOTLAND YARD TO KEEP SLEUTH

Unlikely That Wensley, Great Detective, Will Come to United States.

London.—Law-abiding citizens of Chicago who were elated over the prospect that Chief Constable Frederick Wensley, who has recently resigned from Scotland Yard, would be added to the Chicago police force, seem doomed to disappointment.

It has not been made public who originated the plan to bring the famous British detective to America, but it is believed that the idea was sponsored by certain groups who think that some drastic efforts should be made to clean out the heavily entrenched crime syndicate in Chicago if the city expects to attract many visitors to its fair in 1933.

It was reported here recently that Constable Wensley had been offered a very large salary to go to Chicago, but the identity of the person or group making the offer was carefully concealed. As soon as his retirement from Scotland Yard was announced and the Chicago bid made public, Paris also made him a flattering offer to take charge of its police force. Constable Wensley has not yet announced his future plans. He is now sixty-four years old, which is the age limit for chief constables, although a special five-year extension was offered him by Scotland Yard because of his remarkable record. There are indications that he may accept this tender.

Would Face Hard Task.

It is admitted that he would confront one of the hardest tasks of his long career if he accepted the Chicago offer. He would encounter dirty politics, some indifferent judges, professional juries, many corrupt co-workers, and the world's boldest criminals, and his best efforts might go for naught.

It will be a great day for British and international crooks when Constable Wensley or "Fred," as the underworld usually calls him, retires to private life, for during his 42 years of service on the London police force he has become the terror of the underworld; for many years he has been head of the criminal investigation department, of the C. I. D., devoting all his time to detective work.

He is not in the least spectacular in his methods; he is quiet and slow of speech but remarkably alert of mind and has solved some of his most difficult cases from an arm chair in Scotland Yard.

Constable Wensley joined the London police force in 1887. The following year occurred the famous "Jack-the-Ripper" murders, which horrified the world and kept London, especially the Whitechapel section, in a torment of fear for months. There were seven "ripper" victims, and the murders, all alike in the maniacal fury with which the criminal carved and mutilated, occurred over a period of five months.

Caught Anarchists.

The identity of "Jack" was never disclosed, although Sir Melville L. MacNaghten, former chief of the C. I. D., said, after his retirement, that the Ripper committed suicide on November 10, the day following the last of his atrocious crimes, and that Scotland Yard knew who he was, where and how he died. It was assumed by the public that he was a man of education and position who succumbed to the impulses of a criminal streak and committed suicide when the police were about to close in on him.

While divisional detective inspector in charge of the Whitechapel area, in 1910, Wensley discovered the whereabouts of the famous gang of anarchists led by "Peter the Painter," who had killed a police sergeant and wounded four of his fellows. Wensley rounded up the suspects in a house in Stepney, and the famous "siege of Sidney street," a battle that lasted seven hours, took place before the suspects were captured.

Scots guards, police and a battery of artillery were engaged under the direction of that doughty warrior, Winston Churchill. During the spectacular battle a policeman was wounded in the street. Wensley dashed from his shelter when he saw the man fall to the pavement, and amid a hail of bullets from the entrenched anarchists in the building he carried the injured man to

safety. For this feat he received the king's medal.

Solved Thompson Murder.

The following year another gruesome murder occurred in London, Leon Beron, an elderly Frenchman, was found in Clapham common; he had been stabbed 19 times, and on each cheek a letter "S" had been carved. Quietly and patiently Wensley pieced together tiny bits of evidence that linked the murder with the Houndsditch murders, which had led up to the "battle of Sidney street."

Leon Beron had given information that had led the police to the hide-out of the gang in Sidney street. Stinnie Morrison was the man Wensley wanted for Beron's murder, and it was not long until he walked into a restaurant which Morrison frequented, called the murderer outside, and stroled with him to the nearest police station, without handcuffs, as though this were the most casual arrest and not the capture of an international crook.

One of the most famous murder cases in which Wensley figured as chief detective was the Edith Thompson-Fredrick Bywaters case in 1922, which was an English version of the Snyder-Gray case in America five years later.

Like Ruth Snyder, Edith Thompson was fond of gaiety and dancing, while her husband, a shipping clerk, found his greatest pleasure in boating, fishing and swimming; like the Snyders, the Thompsons lived in a middle-class suburb near the great city, and Edith found relaxation from the humdrum of domestic life with her uninteresting husband by flitting to the city to meet a lover—Bywaters—as often as possible. And each time she met him for months prior to the murder, she and her paramour had discussed getting rid of her unwanted husband. Again and again she tried to poison him, but each time she failed, as many notes to Bywaters, later found in his room, indicated.

Method His Own.

Finally the wife decided upon immediate and drastic action. She invited her lover to dinner, for he was friendly with the husband, and afterward suggested that they all go to see a motion picture. On the pretext of going by a shorter route the lovers led the doomed husband down a dark and narrow side street and there he was stabbed, the wife immediately afterward screaming for help, while the lover disappeared.

Here again was a case that at first seemed to offer no clues. But Wensley was a master at getting the information he wanted by a few adroit questions. Sir Richard Muir, who was for many years chief crown prosecutor, and naturally came into frequent close contact with Wensley's work, once said to him "His methods are his own, and many a criminal who made the mistake of underestimating him learned too late how clever he really was. By a few well-chosen questions he has the rare

ALIENS SMUGGLED BY AIR

Taken By Border Patrol

Taken By Border Patrol

Traffic at Detroit Discouraged by Activity of Immigration Service.

Detroit, Mich.—A party of aliens, including an eight-month-old baby, who were smuggled into this country by airplane were apprehended recently by the Roseville police, and five others who tried the more common method of crossing the Detroit river by boat were picked up by the immigration border patrol.

Peter Kommer, twenty-six years old, his wife, Magdalene, twenty-two years old, and their infant daughter, Anna, were arrested by Patrolmen John Lanox and Theodore Mesle of Roseville, as they crouched by the side of the road at Gratiot airport waiting for a man to come for them in an automobile. They are Rumanians.

They had just been landed at the airport by a gray airplane. The pilot landed in the far corner of the field, and after directing the aliens where to go he reported to the office of the field that he had made a forced landing because of a broken gas line.

The Roseville police turned the family over to John L. Zurbrich,

Rules Roosters Have

Legal Right to Crow

Glens Falls, N. Y.—Roosters of this vicinity may crow as long, loudly and early as they please, according to a decision of J. Ward Russell, city attorney, who was called upon to settle the matter. Numerous residents had complained that the birds continually disturbed their slumbers.

The mayor stated he had never heard of an ordinance for quieting roosters and Russell decided there was nothing to be done about the fowls outside of using them for Sunday dinners or following the ancient maxim of "early to bed and early to rise."

gift of laying bare a man's innermost thoughts.

A few questions put to the guilty Edith Thompson resulted in her telling the whole story, which brought her and her lover to the gallows. Unlike the Snyder-Gray pair, however, their love did not cool after their arrest, and they sent loving messages to each other constantly until the end.

Murderer Protests Too Much.

Another murderer whose crime was uncovered by Wensley's detective methods was Norman Thorne, who murdered his sweetheart, Elsie Cameron, at his poultry farm at Crowborough, in December, 1925. Following the girl's disappearance, Thorne wrote anxious letters to her parents asking where she was, and even inserted personal messages to her in the newspapers, begging her to communicate with him, saying that no matter what had happened he forgave all, and ending: "You must realize, dear, the almost intolerable agony your silence is causing not only to your parents, but to me."

Wensley concluded that the lover was protesting too much and sent men to search Thorne's little farm. The girl's body and suitcase were found buried behind his chicken house and Thorne was hanged for his crime.

One of Wensley's most recent and remarkable pieces of work was that of directing the inquiry into the murder of Police Constable Gutteridge, who was shot and killed one night on a lonely road in Essex by two motor handies. There were apparently no clues to work on, and the C. I. D. for weeks, under Wensley's direction, combed the underworld of London for any slight shreds of evidence on which they could begin to build up a case. Finally their work was rewarded and the two guilty men captured, convicted and hanged.

During his long warfare with the underworld Wensley has frequently received threats against his life and had a number of narrow escapes from the attempted vengeance of criminal enemies, but he has gone imperturbably on his way making Scotland Yard famous for always getting its man.

Abolish Death Penalty

in New Mexican Code

Mexico City.—The death penalty has been abolished by the new penal code which is expected to be enacted into law in September and become effective January 1.

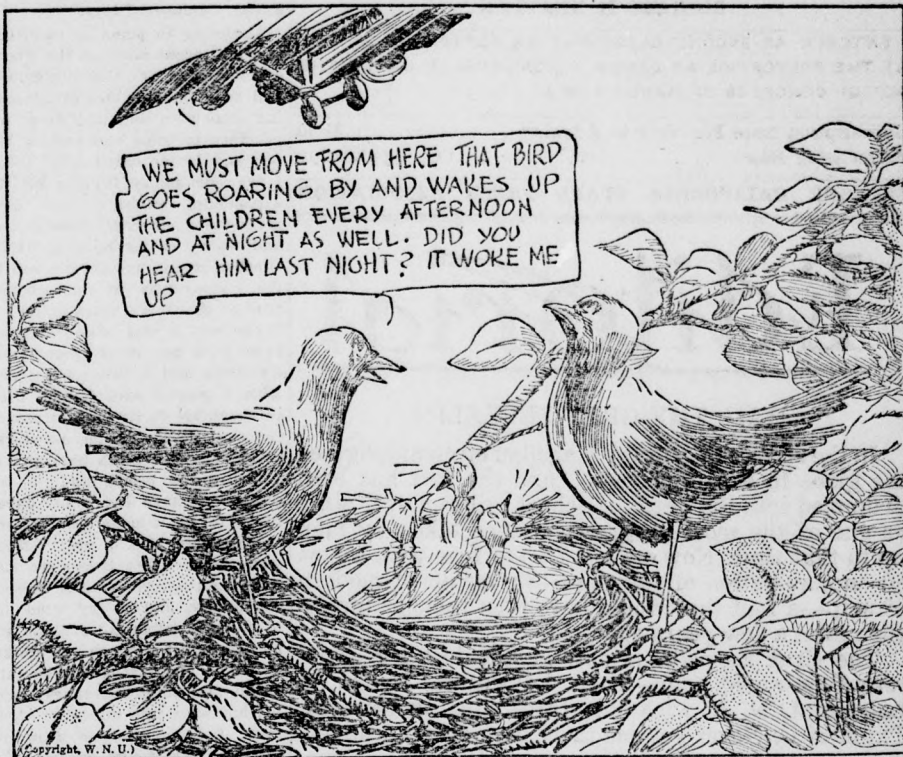
President Portes Gil does not believe fear of death prevents crime and in reviewing the new criminal code struck out the clause providing the death penalty. Life imprisonment will be the most severe punishment administered. It is understood the law will not apply to the military branch of the government. The new penal code is said to be the most advanced in modern theories of any in the world. Criminals will be confronted by psychologists, psychiatrists and physicians who will pass upon their mental responsibility. This will be taken into account in fixing punishment.

Women Plumbers Had

Good Jobs in Rome

Buffalo, N. Y.—More than 2,000 years ago in the reign of Roman emperors, women plumbers played a dominant role in business life. This fact was disclosed by W. G. Archer, of the national research bureau, who said that recent excavations in the ruins of Emperor Hadrian's palace revealed a number of lengths of lead pipe bearing the signature of women plumbers.

Under the Air Lanes



No Trick at All for Small Boy to Tell Police Dog Where He "Got Off"

"Teddy" is a dog, a police dog. Not a dog attached to the police force, but one of those up-and-coming fellows alert from the tips of his paws to the tip of his husky tail. The "police" refers to his breed and not to his affiliations. Lieut. Maurice A. Kellier and Sergt. Oliver J. Barron found this out when they tried to persuade Teddy to let them enter his home in the absence of all members of the family. Teddy was just plain "tough," and the enthusiasm with which he indicated what he meant to do was very convincing.

Teddy's mistress, Mrs. Marcella Vascilla, had been stabbed and taken away to a hospital. It was necessary for the detectives to enter the house, but Teddy said, "No." That Teddy would have been a target for the officers' bullets or a victim of gassing seemed the only way.

And then a small boy of the neighborhood appeared on the scene.

Without hesitation he walked into the house. Teddy wagged his tail and said "Hello, old sport." In the best dog language, submitting in the meantime to being tied so that he was no longer a menace to officers of the law.

Thus a little child led two husky bluecoats.—Worcester Telegram.

Matter of Long Dispute

The true origin of the expression "O.K." is not definitely known, though several explanations have been derived from a Chockaw Indian word meaning "it is so"; it has been attributed to an Indian chief, Old Kookuk; it has been considered the initials of "Ori Korrect"; it has been called an error for "O. K." (ordered recorded). An other authority ascribes it to Aux Cayes, pronounced o-kay, in Haiti, from whence the best rum and tobacco was exported in Colonial days.

Thrifty, Lying Americans?

About one-half of the homes in the United States are owned by men with incomes less than \$2,000. So, after all, this thing of saying Americans are not thrifty is based on imagination instead of facts. We guess that about 99 per cent of what we Americans say is untrue. We have developed into a race of liars, we regret to say.—Atchison Globe.

Weasel's Mixed Diet

A weasel's winter store located by a German naturalist in a poplar tree about to be cut up in a saw-mill proved interesting. No fewer than 14 mice had been carefully stacked one above the other, in an orderly pile, with sand and mold between them to form an air-tight mound. These mice were in as fresh condition as though they had just been caught. Two magpies had been placed on top of them, and a large collection of acorns filled the hollowed-out cavity to the entrance, which was just large enough for the weasel to slip inside. In the same poplar was another store, whose owner was a squirrel.

Northern Australia Coal Mine Said to Have Been Burning for Ten Centuries

A unique Australian phenomenon is the "Burning Mountain" at Wingen in northern New South Wales, which scientists say has been on fire 1,000 years.

According to a party of geologists, who have just returned from an exploration of the mountain, says an Associated Press dispatch from Sydney, there lies below the surface a burning coal seam. Long before European settlement in Australia "Burning Mountain" was known to the aborigines, and to them it owes its name, Wingen, signifying "fire." The geologists report that the summit presents the appearance of the debris of a vast block of build

The Peaceful Celt

Two County Cork boys were in a mopping-up party that had followed the main assault. In a large shell hole they found a group of ten or twelve Germans sound asleep, apparently missed by the first wave.

"Well," said Sean, "shall we shoot 'em or stick 'em?" "Ho, hum," said Denis, looking up at the sky. "It's a foina day. Let's wake 'em up and have a foight."—Fullman News.

Coffee and Revolution

Companions in History

One writer points out that "what-ever may be said about causes and circumstances, the French revolution was not brought about until coffee as well as philosophy had come to Paris." And, had he known it, doubtless he would have found further significance in certain events in our own country.

It was no other than a coffee house—the famous Burns coffee house, which once stood on the west side of Broadway just north of Bowling Green—that afforded a meeting place on October 31, 1765, for the rebellious merchants who adopted resolutions to import no more British goods until the stamp act should be repealed. Moreover, it was in the Green Dragon, most celebrated of Boston's coffee houses, that Paul Revere and John Adams, Warren and James Otis, met for those conferences in 1770 of the War of Independence.—New York Herald Tribune.

Decatur's Schooldays

The dashing Decatur who humbled the proud dey of Algiers, and after whom so many New York boys were named when he was in the zenith of his naval glory, lived in Powder Mill lane and went to school at the Lower Dublin academy in Holmesburg, Pa. For all its pretentious name, the "academy" was a small log and stone structure with only two front windows and a shingled roof. Stephen Decatur did not take kindly to study, but he is said to have carved his name on every desk in the school room.—New York Times.

Evidence That Date Has Been in Use as Human Food for Thousand of Years

For untold ages the date has been a staple article of diet in the Orient. It is said that a half-pound of dates and a half-pint of milk make a sufficient meal for a person of sedentary habits. The date needs milk to round out a food balance. An intensely hot climate and plenty of water are necessary for the production of dates. As an old Arabian saying goes: "A date palm must have its head in fire and its feet in water." Some believe that when Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden, they subsided very largely upon the date. In fact, that part of Mesopotamia which produces to this day the best dates is regarded as the probable site of the Garden of Eden. Archeologists, in making excavations in this region, have uncovered ruins thousands of years old, among which have been found broken sculptures of the date palm, together with references to the use of its fruit as a

food. According to an old, old Arabic story, after God had created Adam, some of the soil clung to his hands and he molded it into a date palm. The leaves were set in a feathery crown at the top the same as He created man. So it is only natural that the palm should be as nearly perfect a tree as Adam was a human being.

Souvenir From Garden of Eden for Tourists

If, on your vacation you happen to stumble into the town of Qurna at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers you may not be impressed by the scenery or the city, but you will soon be informed that it is the site of the Garden of Eden, and to prove it you will be shown the "Tree of Knowledge." Says a writer in the Washington Star. The tree is merely a decayed trunk with a few scraggly branches and these will soon be out of business, but the natives have thoughtfully planted another tree nearby and this baby will probably do service as "the tree" when the older one has departed.

Anyone visiting this locality is presumed to have come to see the tree, for there is little else, and the children of the town are eager in their efforts to act as guides to visitors. The new arrival is at once spotted and surrounded by the juvenile guides and almost dragged to the tree. Arriving on the ground the boys will bound into the branches and offer chips as souvenirs.

Polish Mourning Traditions

Polish tradition is very strict as regards mourning, at least in the case of women. Mourning is signified above all by a black hat and veil. In the hard postwar years poverty compelled opinion to accept any dark-colored dress and coat, even at the funeral itself.

The hat and veil are worn, not only by women but also by girls of all ages from ten upward. It is quite common to see a schoolgirl running about with a veil trailing behind her such as only an old-fashioned widow would wear in western Europe or America.

This custom does not affect working women, since they rarely wear hats, but only shawls over their heads.

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Editorial

HAIL THE GRAF ZEPPELIN

In the sixteenth century Magellan circumnavigated the globe in a sailing vessel, and the fact has been drummed into the heads of school children ever since as one of the most progressive steps taken by man up to that time. Now we are face to face with a new circumnavigation of the globe—by means of modern airship—a feat that would have been thought impossible even a few years ago.

The Graf Zeppelin is now on the last leg of its round-the-world tour—from Lakehurst, N. J., to Lakehurst, N. J., with only three stops in between. Think of it. Never yet has there been such an undertaking, and every indication points to complete success. The first jump, from Lakehurst to Germany, was accomplished in the record time of 55 hours, without mishap.

Day by day the eyes of the world are focused on this great, epoch-making flight—an event that will loom far larger in the history books of the future than the famous feat of Magellan.

The flight of Dr. Eckener and his crew presages a new era of progress—it has the most vital bearing on future commerce and travel. All hail the Zeppelin!

WAIT BEFORE YOU DENOUNCE

"Another group of bureaucrats pestering the farmers," and "only one more commission affording jobs at Washington at fat salaries to its members," is how Senator Glass speaks of the new federal farm board.

This is not creditable to his judgement. As he probably knows, Mr. Legge, chairman of the farm board, accepted the position at great personal financial sacrifice, and none of the other members of the board are likely to grow wealthy on the salaries they get from the government.

The board is only a few weeks old. So far it has been making an earnest effort to gain first-hand knowledge of the problems with which it will have to deal, and its few suggestions to various farm groups have seemed to be well considered and economically sound.

We must wait before passing judgment on the farm board. The board deserves a fair chance. It can only be judged by results, and it will naturally take some time before these can be expected.

Here's Howe

BY E. W. HOWE
"The Sage of Potato Hill"

THE POOR—NAPOLEON—WOMEN AGAIN

I often think the poor are like children who have never grown up. It is a common charge against a certain proportion of adults (far too large) that they have children's minds; that their bodies developed after 12, while their minds did not. The poor may be likened, also, to a man who has worked at a trade all his life, and never learned it. Life is a trade, with foremen and superintendents of superior skill because of experience or intelligence.

Napoleon never cared much if his wives had lovers. . . . But it takes a common man mighty mad.

For more than a hundred years there have been attempts to explain Napoleon Bonaparte. I can explain him in half a dozen lines: the dirt of love, passion, life, he picked up at birth marvelous genius as a soldier—as Charles Dickens picked up a marvelous genius as a novelist. As age advanced, other men lost their power; youth as a part of their marvelous combination, and, without it, both said and did things that would have disgraced the commonest fool. I say to you that heredity is the greatest thing in life. If you are of doing well, either you are wrongly placed or are not behaving yourself in the ordinary essentials.

It is frequently said that there has not been, in all history, a woman philosopher; one distinguished or correct or candid thinking, as may be said of hundreds of men. What does this mean? Certainly

not that women do not engage deeply in life, and thereby gain sufficient knowledge to become reflective. Does it mean that women, in private and print, refuse to acknowledge the facts of life? I have known less than a dozen really candid women; I have rarely known a man of average intelligence who was not. This difference cannot be accounted for by sex. The brains of men and women must average about the same.

It may be a poor guess, but I believe the difference due to this: Since the dawn of civilization certainly, and possibly somewhat earlier, women have been flattered; that has been man's weapon in soliciting their favors; on the other hand, men have perpetually traveled the war path, and known the truth about themselves. Men are actually better than the public estimate of them, for libels told by opposing warriors have come down to us with history, along with the exaggerated compliments for women. There is no page of print, old or new, not overpraising women and criticising men more than they deserve.

Men are candid and become philosophers occasionally, because long experience has convinced them of the practical value of truth; women, who never become philosophers, still believe truth distorted in the interest of women, may be of value to them.

Candid thinking seems to have paid the men; of the things in life said to be great, the men have as great a lead, almost as in philos-

A SUGGESTION IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR; READ IT

Editor Campbell Press:

According to plans as published in your recent issue of the Press, every citizen of this community will have the privilege of advocating some plan that may be of importance to boost and build a bigger and better community. When I say community I mean all the surrounding districts that have made Campbell their school center, and which, in my opinion, before another decade has passed, will be the civic center of this western part of the Santa Clara valley.

The writer has seen Campbell grow from one small grocery, two dwellings and a two room school with a wagon road for its main thoroughfare to its present proportions. A great change has taken place; we have much here now of which to be proud, and I am pleased to have had the opportunity to assist in its development.

There are still a great many steps to be taken before we may look upon ourselves as a finished community, and in my mind one of the most important of these will be accomplished when we present to native and stranger alike fully paved and slightly avenues from the highways into the heart of the town. Let them be so attractive that they will invite passers-by to drive through the residence districts of the town and see what opportunities are here for the home-seeker.

In addition to the preceding program, the time is ripe to do something toward erecting informative arches over the two principal entrances to the town, namely at the intersections of Campbell and

ophy. Would candid thinking pay the women?

I do not know. It may be that their best plan is the one they have adopted even though there is not philosophy in it.



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District Meeting Plans Formulated At Meet Of Local Rebekahs

At the regular meeting of the Ada Rebekah lodge last Tuesday evening several visitors from other towns were present, including Mrs. Ida Bruegge of Los Gatos, district deputy president.

Plans for a district meeting were formulated. Myrtle Johnson, Carrie Silver and Marie Wingard were appointed a committee to help complete arrangements for this meeting.

A watermelon feed followed the business session, the feed being managed by Mrs. Beulah Covey, chairman and Mrs. Myrtle Johnson, Mrs. E. J. Snow and Mrs. Marie Larocca.

Frank H. Cutting Of Campbell Completes Paintings Of St. Claire

The three oil paintings that F.

Johnson avenues and Campbell avenue and Winchester road. As in past years the writer stands ready and willing to do all in his power toward these and other community development programs.

B. O. CURRY.

H. Cutting, noted local artist, has been doing for the Ste. Claire hotel in San Jose, were completed Saturday.

One of the paintings shows the face of the hotel with the city hall park in the foreground, the second is of the hotel patio and the third is of the lounge.

According to Phil Riley, assistant manager of the hotel, these paintings will be reproduced on a new and more attractive folder to be given to guests at the establishment.

Miss Alice McCaughey has returned from an extended trip through Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia. Miss McCaughey leaves the early part of September to resume her duties as superintendent of physical education in the public schools of Stockton.

Gladys Bateman and Geraldine O'Brien left Wednesday for their home at Portland after spending several days with Miss Ruth Matteson.

PRICE LIST OF REPAIRS

Men's Shoes	Ladies' Shoes
Half Soled and Rubber	Half Soled and Heels ...\$1.25
Heels\$1.50	Half Soled90
Half Soled 1.15	Rubber Heels35
Rubber Heels40	Leather Heels30

Boy's Shoes	Small Children's Shoes
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Heels\$1 and up	Half Soles and Heels, 75c up

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SOULS FOR SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

Close-ups of individuals were taken, the most striking types being selected and coached to express crises of feeling: "You go mad and babble, old man, will you? Tear at your throat and let your tongue hang out? . . . You, miss, will fall back in your mother's arms—you be mother, will you miss, and catch her—you are to die, you know; just roll your eyes back and sigh and sink into a heap. And you, mother, wring your hands and beat your breast and wail. You understand—Oriental stuff, eh?"

"And I'd like somebody just to look up to heaven and pray for mercy—somebody with big eyes—You, the young lady over there—will you step out? Oh, it's Mrs. Woodville, isn't it? I met you this morning. Here's your chance. Do this for me like a good girl, and give yourself to it. Look up to heaven; if the sun brings tears to your eyes all right, but let them come from your soul, dear, if you can. You see, you have seen your people dying like flies about you, from famine and hardship. You look up and say, O God, you don't mean for us to die in this useless torture, do you, dear God? Take my life and let these others live. Won't you, dear God?"

Mem stood throbbing from head to foot with embarrassment and with a strange inrush of alien moods. The fierce eyes of the director burning through his dark glasses, the curious instigation in his voice, the plea to do well for him, quickened her magically.

Folger took her by the arm and murmured:

"Now, dear! Let your heart break! Look 'round and see your dying people. That's your father over there just gasping his life out. Your mother lies dead back there; you've covered her poor little body with sand to keep the jackals from it. Can you do it? Will you? That's right. Look round now and

she heard a voice that identified her captor as the director. He was saying:

"God bless you! That was the real stuff! You're a good girl! The real thing!"

Then she began to laugh and choke, became an utter fool. This was her first experience of the passion of mimicry. She was as ashamed as glorified, as drained yet as exultant, as if a god had seized her and embraced her fiercely for a moment, then left her aching, an ember in the ashes.

The director was already calling the mob to the next task. She could not help glancing toward Tom Holby. His camel was moving off with the crowd, but he was turning back to gaze at her. He was nodding his head in approval and he raised his hand in a salute of profound respect.

Mem's sin had led her to the edge of paradise, and then drawn her back by the hair.

She was doomed to spend a certain time in increasing heaviness, and then to die or to go about thenceforth with a nameless child holding on to her hand and anchoring her to obscurity.

She found a place as maid in the home of a storekeeper at such wages as he could afford. She began the sordid routine of her tasks, but, contrasting them with the glamour of playing tragic roles, she felt herself entombed.

Then the summer heat began and grew so fierce that her employer and his family went to the seashore.

She spent much thought upon the letter home that she had not yet written, that she must write if ever she were to go home again. The whole purpose of this long, long journey into loneliness was to be able to write that letter; and it had not yet gone.

Every time she made the beginning her hands flinched from the

in an envelope, and dropped it after dark in the mail box.

Furling Mama and Papa:—

How can I write the terrible news? I can hardly bear to think of it, let alone write about it. But my darling husband passed away in the desert. I cannot write you the particulars now, for I am too agitated and grief-stricken and I do not want to harrow you with details. I know your poor hearts will ache for me, but I beg you not to feel it too deeply, because I am trying to be brave. And I remember what you taught me, that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away * * * I cannot write you more now. I am in no need of money and I will come home when I get a little stronger. All the love in the world from Your loving Mem

After she had slipped the letter irrevocably into the mail box she realized that the postmark of Palm Springs would be stamped on the envelope. Her place of concealment would be disclosed.

Still, it would not matter. She was a widow now in the minds of her people and she could go back to them and face the future in calm.

The mountains had a beckoning look always, and on this afternoon, when a clouded sky gave a little shelter from the sun, she set out to obey an impulse to climb as far as her strength would take her.

The exertion of climbing was more than Mem had bargained for. The steep that looked so inviting from a distance were ragged and forbidding. The burnt-almond mountains were hot and sharp-edged gridirons to her feet. The sun came blazing forth and seemed to spill upon her a yellow hot mass of metal that slashed her about the head and rolled over her shoulders in bristling ingots.

A stone rolled under her foot and shook her from her balance. She wavered, clutched at nothing, whirled, struck, bounded from the hard rock, fell and fell, and then—a smashing blow, blackness, silence.

A young Indian girl chasing her stray pony about the sand had seen Mem stumble, then fall; had heard the thump of the body on cushioning sand; had run to the nearest house and told what she had seen. Mem was taken home. The village doctor did all that his skill could do.

Though she had never dared to visit him, he knew of her, and knew her as a widow. When she was strong enough to be talked to he prepared her for bad news.

"Am I to be crippled for life?" she cried.

"No," he sighed. "You will bear no marks of your accident. But you will not—but your other hopes and expectations—will not be realized."

She was dazed and he was timid.

and he had some difficulty in making her understand his bad news; that she would not be a mother.

She bore this blow with a fortitude that surprised him.

And now Mem was weak and wobegone, at the bottom of the cliff of life. She had never climbed very far, but she had fallen far enough to give both soul and body an almost fatal shock. She was a drudge in a poor family in a scorched settlement abandoned by all who could get away.

The only inferiors she could see were a young widow named Dack and her five-year-old boy, Terry. Mrs. Dack took in washing.

The boy Terry was of the Ariel breed. His fancy girdled the earth in 40 minutes. He mimicked birds and animals and often covered his mother with terror and amused chagrin by imitating her clients with uncanny skill.

Once the child caught cold—in all that heat!—and Mem sat by his bedside through several smothering nights, while the backbroken mother slept. Mem exercised her skill in making up little dramas to while away the tedium of the long nights and to keep the wakeful child's mind from his cough.

During his illness Mem received a letter from Leva Lemaire, saying that she had just seen in an old paper an item describing "Mrs. Woodville's" fall from the mountain and her miraculous escape from death. Leva expressed the utmost sympathy and prayed that her beauty had not been marred. She added:

"But if it has, you can still find something to do in the movies. I've given up trying to be an actress and taken a position in the laboratory projection room. It's cool and dark and interesting. I think I can get you a place, if you'll come up. There's no excuse for a woman of your education and charm wasting your sweetness on the desert air. Do come! I've sent

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wellington have had for their guests for several days the latter's sister, Miss Ethel Stewart and the former's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wellington, all from Hanford. Miss Stewart is the instructor of music in the Beverly Hills school. Mrs. Nellie Blayne and daughter, who have been spending the summer at Mount Herman also visited the Wellingtons for a few days.

my three children out to their uncle's ranch. You could live here with me and my friends."

The thought of working in the dark and the cool was a hint of paradise to Mem.

(Continued Next Week)

Mrs. Henry Campbell is spending a few days at her Capitola Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wells of Culver City, who have been visiting for some time with Mrs. Hattie Baugh, recently spent a few days at Lake Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. Wells plan to return to their home Saturday.

Mrs. Clara Lajannette of Gilroy visited with Mrs. W. C. Mason recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Mason left last Tuesday for Monterey where Mr. Mason has accepted a position and where they will make their future home.

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Van Camp's Pork and Beans, med. can9c
Full Value Bathroom Tissue, 5 rolls25c
Snowdrift, 3 pounds71c
Asparagus, Supreme brand, No. 1 square can35c
I.X.L. Tamales, not boneless, 2 cans23c
Kraut, Satisfaction brand, No. 21-2 can15c
Toddy, 1 lb.47c
Boyden's Honey, 32 oz. jar49c
Burnett's vanilla, 2 oz. bottle31c
Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate, 1 lb. can28c

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"God bless you. That was the real stuff. You're a good girl."

let yourself go!"

She felt herself bewitched, benumbed, yet mystically alive to a thousand tragedies. Her eyes rolled around the staring throng, and made out Tom Holby gazing down at her from his camel and pouring sympathy from his own soul into hers.

Then she flung her head from side to side in a torment of woe, cast her head back, and heaved her big eyes up into the cruel brazier of the skies, seemed to see God peering down upon the little multitude, and moved her lips in supplication.

She felt the words and the anguish wringing her throat, and the tears came trooping from her eyes, ran shining into her mouth, and she swallowed them and found them bitter-sweet with an exultation of agony.

There was such weird reality in her grief that the director's glasses were blurred with his own tears; the camera men were gulping hard.

As her upward stare again encountered Tom Holby's eyes she saw that tears were dripping from his lashes and that his mouth was quivering.

The sight of his tears sent through her a strange pang of triumphant sympathy and she broke down sobbing, would have fallen to the sand if Leva Lemaire had not caught her and drawn her into her arms, kissing her and whispering: "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

She felt a hand on her arm and was drawn from Leva's arms into a man's. Her shoulders were squeezed hard by big hands and

lying pen. But one night in a frantic fit of histrionic enthusiasm she dashed off her fable, sealed it

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He Gave Credit to Dorothy

By CORONA REMINGTON

A MAN is an animal, and frequently a wild animal; but there are some like Clarence Maxey, for instance, who are exceedingly tame.

Clarence was a good man—a fine fellow, in fact; but he had no mysteries, and you could never expect him to do the unexpected. He was a bookkeeper and liked it—never had been anything else.

Perhaps it was fate, or instinct, or human nature, or the great law of compensation, or the cussedness of things, that he should fall in love with Dorothy Dwight, the most dashing, vivacious little cashier that ever sat behind a register and wielded a lipstick.

"I do love you, Clarence," she once said, "but you're slow! You haven't got any pep, honey. Not a bit."

That was the first time she had ever called him "honey," and it took the sting out of her rather painful criticism.

"I know it," he stammered humbly.

"But you're good and you're decent, and you love me, and those three things count more than everything else put together."

"But I want to be just the kind of man you want me to be," he answered dolefully.

"Oh, you've got it in you, all right. I see it in your eyes every once in a while, but the trouble is you've been brought up by two old maid aunts who probably made you go calling with them on Sunday afternoons when you ought to have been out snowballing some old man's hat off. Now, I want to meet those aunts of yours."

But they don't even know I've got a girl," she stammered.

"Good; that's one more jolt coming their way. Trouble with you is you're scared of people. You've got a right to a girl, haven't you? Old enough to have one, aren't you? How long since you had a raise, Clarence?"

"Three years!"

"Three years! Gee! How often do you ask for one?"

"I haven't lately," he admitted.

"In fact, not since I got the last one."

"Gee! Good lands," said Dorothy, slapping a huge powder puff at her face. "Now, I'm going to tell you something. You're going to ask the boss for a raise and if you don't get it I'm not going to marry you."

"But, Dorothy, we're engaged!"

"Never hear of a girl jilting a fellow? It isn't the money I'm after. It's the backbone. You got ten minutes of your lunch hour left; the boss doesn't leave until two; you go up and tackle him right now, and all the time you're talking to him, remember it's good-by Dorothy unless you bring him around."

Five minutes later when Clarence walked into the president's office tiny beads of perspiration were standing out on his forehead. His hands were moist and his tongue felt the size of a feather pillow. He didn't want a raise, anyway.

"Well?" The voice was peremptory. Instant flight, death—would nothing come to the rescue?

"Well, what is it?"

"I—I want a raise," Clarence heard himself saying.

"A raise? Most people do. Do you think you are worth any more to the firm this year than you were last?"

A flush of anger spread across Clarence's face and he was amazed by his own retort:

"No, I don't, but I was worth more to the firm last year than I got, and I know darned well I'm not going to stay here another twenty-four hours unless I get a raise."

"By George, Maxey, I didn't believe you could do it. I had an idea you were a meek sort of chap."

"Thank you," said Maxey truculently. "Leaving personalities out, do I get the raise?"

"Why, bless my soul, I thought I was a judge of human nature, but I've found out I'm not. Pardon the personalities, I guess you will get the raise."

"All right. Thanks," said Clarence, loftily, as he walked out with his head in the air.

"I knew you'd get it," said Dorothy joyfully as he walked past the little cage. "Clarence, honestly, you look two inches taller than I ever saw you before. Somehow, you're different. I thought I knew you, but now I don't believe I do after all. Men are such mysteries," she sighed happily.

That night at supper Clarence broke the news to his aunts.

"Going to get married," he said.

"Pass the bread, please."

"Oh, Clarence, you? Marry?" Aunt Hannah squeaked.

"I'd like to know why in thunder not?" he demanded.

"Dear, dear," said Aunt Agatha. "I can hardly believe it's our little Clarence—he was always such a gentle, sweet boy."

"Oh, h—!" said Clarence fervently, and went up to his room.

A few minutes later he heard his aunt's voice in the hall below. She was evidently talking over the phone.

"Yes, we're awfully proud of him. Of course he talks to us as if we were brainless babies, but most men think women are that, anyway."

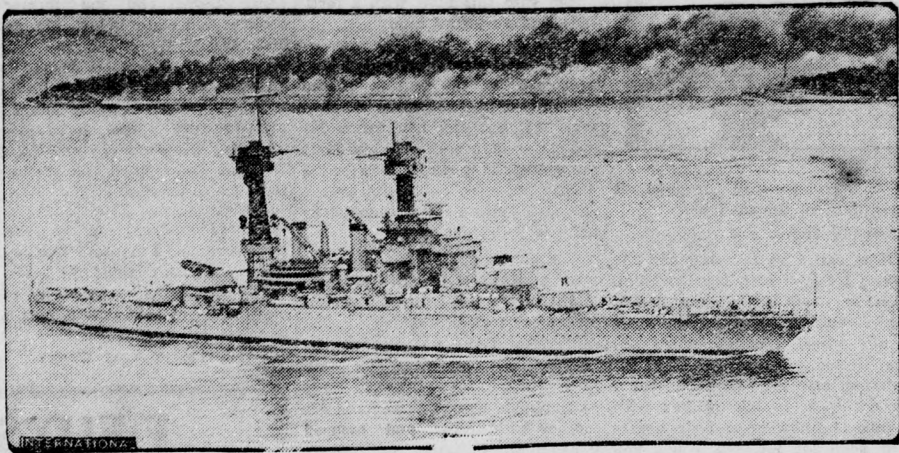
"Lord love Dorothy," sighed Clarence, giving credit where credit was due.

(Copyright.)

Revolutionary!

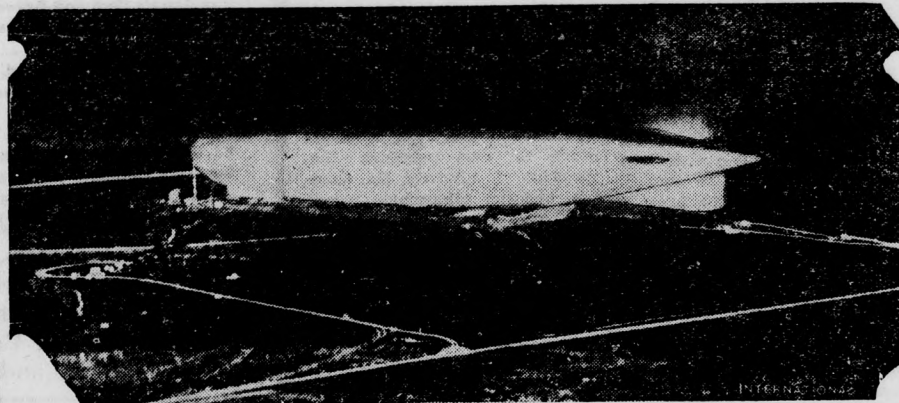
An Indiana man has invented a device by which salt can be shaken from a salt shaker. This is one of those revolutionary inventions that really revolutionize.—Los Angeles Times.

Laying a Smoke Screen in "Battle of Puget Sound"



View from an airplane during the maneuvers of the battle fleet in Puget Sound. A fleet of destroyers was laying a smoke screen to conceal the battleships from the big guns of Fort Casey. In the foreground is the Maryland.

Great German Dirigible Landing at Lakehurst



This picture, taken after dark, shows the huge German dirigible Graf Zeppelin just as it was brought to the ground at Lakehurst, N. J., at the close of the flight from Friedrichshafen.

EDISON'S PROTEGE



Wilbur H. Huston of Seattle, Wash., the sixteen-year-old son of an Episcopal bishop, was declared the winner of the six-hour examination conducted under the auspices of Thomas A. Edison at the latter's laboratories at West Orange, N. J. The prize carried with it a scholarship with all expenses, at any technical school chosen by the winner. Young Huston said that he was interested in chemical engineering and chose to go to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

HOME RUN SLUGGER



Chuck Klein, Philadelphia clouter and leader of the big league home run hitters. He gives promise of equalling Ruth's record of last year.

Luther Education Advocate

Martin Luther, firebrand of the Reformation and undoubtedly the strongest single factor in that upheaval, emphasized the importance of the child, and to him the great need of the world of the Middle Ages was education. "We can do without mayors, princes and noblemen, but not without schools," he declared, and of his own preferences, "if I had to resign preaching and my other duties, there is no office I would rather have than that of a school teacher.—Detroit News.

Veritable "Old Oaken Bucket"



"The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket," and sure enough that's just what you see pictured above—the original oaken bucket which Samuel Woodworth wrote of in his famous poem. Mrs. Pauline Killifer, a descendant of the author, is pictured drinking from the well, which is in Green Bush, Mass.

She's Entered in Women's Air Derby



Mrs. Claire Mae Fahy, of Los Angeles, who has declared her intention of competing in the first National Women's Air derby, has been trained by her husband, Lieut. Herbert J. Fahy, for seven years. The race starts at Santa Monica and ends at Cleveland, Ohio.



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

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The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Rich Deposit of Rare Ore

What is declared to be the only known commercial deposit of brucite, a rare mineral that can be used where other magnesium compounds are now employed, has been discovered and opened to some extent near Luning, Nev., says Popular Mechanics Magazine. A prospector accidentally stumbled across the ore and at first had no idea of its character or its value. He had samples analyzed and the findings were that the deposit may yield a fortune for the discoverer.

A White Wash

20 Mule Team Borax makes clothes really white. It's an aid to soap, a mild antiseptic and a deodorant yet safe for any fabric. Next wash day use Borax along with your favorite soap and notice the difference.—Adv.

Shells Still Plowed Up

Although the World War ended more than ten years ago, farmers are still plowing up shells in the rural districts of Rheims, France. In many cases the shells have exploded and caused injury or death.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior Bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

Daughter's Handicap

"Your daughter takes after her mother, doesn't she?"
"Yes—that is, if there's anything left in my pocket."

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